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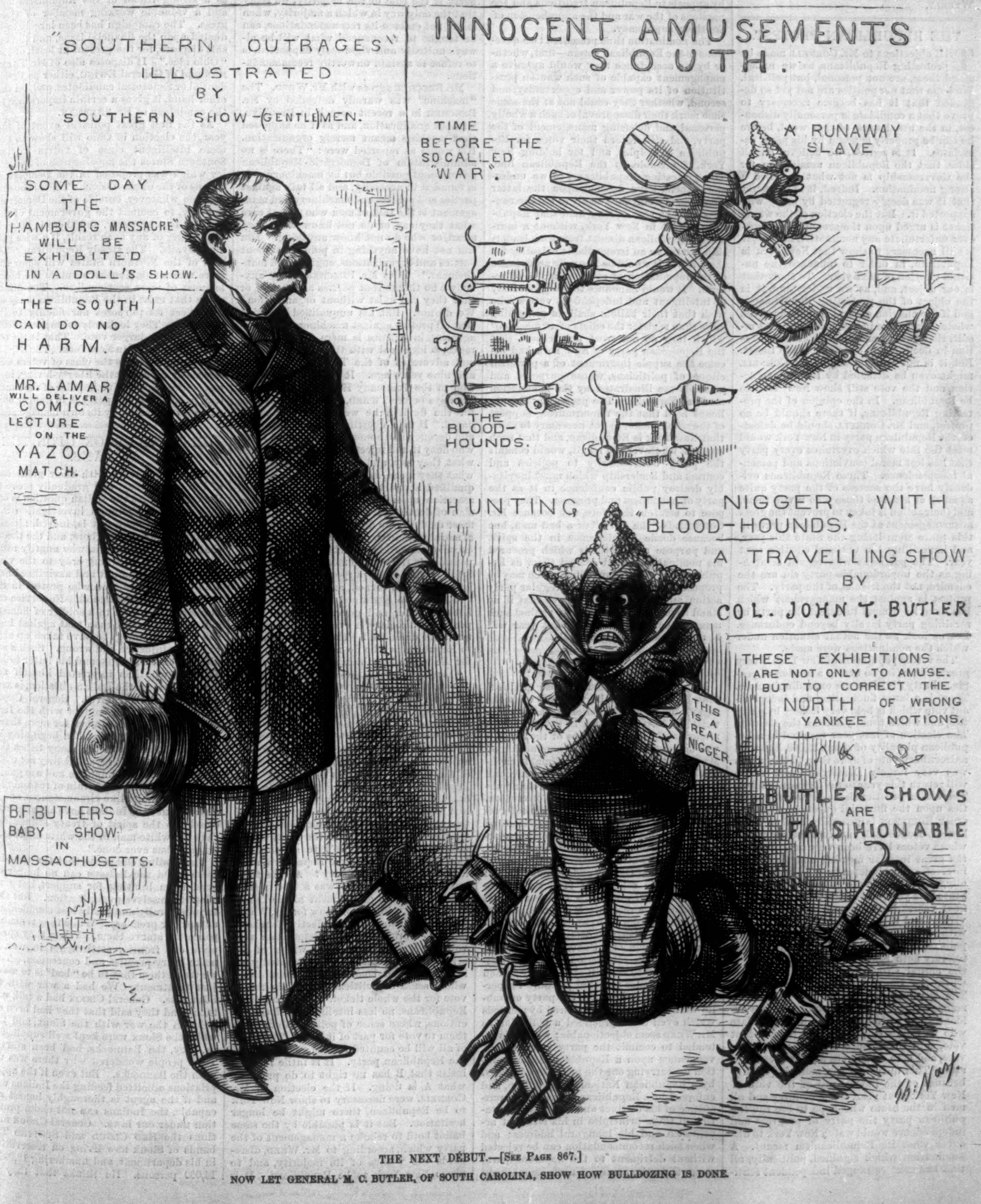
"SOUTHERN OUTRAGES" ILLUSTRATED BY SOUTHERN SHOW-(GENTLE)MEN.
SOME DAY THE "HAMBURG MASSACRE" WILL BE EXHIBITED IN A DOLL'S SHOW.
THE SOUTH CAN DO NO HARM.
MR. LAMAR WILL DELIVER A COMIC LECTURE ON THE YAZOO MATCH.
B.F. BUTLER'S BABY SHOW IN MASSACHUSETTS.
INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS SOUTH.
TIME BEFORE THE SO CALLED "WAR".
A RUNAWAY SLAVE
THE BLOOD-HOUNDS.
HUNTING "THE NIGGER WITH "BLOOD-HOUNDS."
A TRAVELLING SHOW BY COL. JOHN T. BUTLER
THESE EXHIBITIONS ARE NOT ONLY TO AMUSE, BUT TO CORRECT THE NORTH OF WRONG YANKEE NOTIONS.
THIS IS A REAL NIGGER.
BUTLER SHOWS ARE FASHIONABLE
Th: Nast.

THE NEXT DÉBUT.—[See Page 867.]

NOW LET GENERAL M. C. BUTLER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOW HOW BULLDOZING IS DONE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, November 1, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a view of the Citadel of Herat, another installment of* "Golden-Rod," *and other attractive features.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE REPUBLICAN PROTEST.

THE objections to Mr. Cornell made by protesting Republicans, as we understand them, are not personal, but political. We hope that our politics are not yet so degraded that it has become necessary to prove that a candidate is personally dishonest, in the usual sense of that word, before he can be properly opposed by his party associates. It is agreed, we believe, on all sides, that the Republican nomination for the Governorship is not what is called a strong nomination. Indeed, it is no secret that it was deeply regretted by many who supported it. But the election of the whole ticket is urged upon the ground that, however unfortunate any nomination may be, it is still necessary to show that New York is Republican, in order to influence the national election of next year. To show that is our object, and, as we understand, it is the object of the protesting Republicans; and if the election of Mr. Cornell or of the whole ticket were indispensable to that result, there would naturally be great hesitation in declining to vote the whole ticket. But it is not indispensable. Mr. Cornell might even be defeated by Republican action, and the vote still show New York to be Republican. In the opinion of the protesting Republicans, if there should be no protest, and Mr. Cornell should be defeated, the Republican party in New York would meet the fate which overtakes every party that has lost moral convictions and personal independence. Those Republicans evidently have the success of the party quite as much at heart as those who revile them, and their action is taken to prevent the gross mismanagement of the Republican party in this State from losing the State this year, and imperilling the national election next year. The partisans who regard scratching as the unpardonable party sin are the enemies, not the friends, of the party. The protest is against the management which has done its utmost to defeat the party by straining party loyalty beyond endurance. Let us look at the actual situation under which the nominations were made.

The voting population of New York is very great, amounting to nearly a million of people. Party divisions are exceedingly close. There is a large fluctuating and independent vote which is held very loosely by party ties, and which usually decides the election. The election of last year resulted in a Republican plurality of about 35,000, but with a Greenback vote of more than 70,000, which was very largely Democratic, and which will return this year to the Democratic fold. There is no practical issue between the parties upon the financial question, and Governor Robinson is generally held to be an honest, economical, and courageous officer, whose vetoes have been very acceptable to the great interior farming and tax-paying interest, and to independent citizens generally, who mean to vote as they choose in the State this year, and at the national election next year. Business and industry are reviving, and there is a great deal of fatigue with old issues and with wholly sectional politics, and a great desire to secure certain reforms both State and national. This is the actual situation. It was as evident when the Convention met as it is now. The paramount duty of the Republican managers, therefore, was plain. It was evidently not to nominate the one candidate who was sure to disgust the independent vote, sure to alienate a large Republican vote, and sure to depress all party enthusiasm. This duty was the more imperative because of the importance of the vote of New York next year. The country and all men in the State who hope to see the Republican party the party of progress and independence would watch New York to discover what its Republicanism meant. A nomination which signified, politically, all that has most estranged independent sentiment from the Republican party, and which represented servility to men and to a ring which has ruled the party with the most unscrupulous methods—a nomination which was intended to array the party in New York against the reform declarations of the Cincinnati Convention, and the reform action of the Administration, to set the party face backward, and to smooth the way for a return to a position which nearly cost the Republicans the election of 1876—this was the nomination which especially ought not to be made. But this was the nomination which the managers resolved should be made, and the party forced to support it under the cry of "principles, not men," and of avoiding a victory of rebel brigadiers next year. This was the nomination that was made by every possible means, including the most urgent individual appeals that if it were defeated it would involve the personal humiliation of others, and which was to be "pulled through" for the benefit of the "machine" by appeals to Republican traditions and the passions of the war and the apprehension of Southern supremacy.

The nomination thus presented two questions to the Republican voters—first, whether by its acceptance they would approve a management capable of such wanton prostitution of its power and opportunity, and second, whether they could not at the same time mark their disapproval of such a wholly personal and debasing management of the party, and still record their votes for Republican principles, and for holding New York, if possible, in the Republican line. The protesting Republicans, as we understand them, have decided upon the latter course as the one most likely to aid the canvass of next year. They hold that Republican defeat in New York, without a murmur of Republican dissent from such leadership, would be an irremediable calamity for the party. It would be a servile acceptance of the repudiation of every principle of reform. It would announce to the great body of intelligent and independent voters, who wish that their ballots shall do something more than register the edicts of a "machine" which they do not trust nor respect, that the Republican party of New York had become the supple instrument of a powerful clique of politicians, whose purposes and methods are illustrated by the nomination made at Saratoga. The protesting Republicans hold that the unmurmuring support of the whole ticket is not necessary to show that New York is Republican, and that such support, whatever the result, would commit the party unnecessarily to policies and courses and leadership which must inevitably destroy public confidence in it as the party of patriotism and progress. They propose to scratch, therefore, not because Mr. Cornell is "the devil," or a bad man, but because docile acquiescence in the spirit and purpose and methods which procured his nomination would compel them as Republicans to support anything which may be proposed to them hereafter as regular party action, and because they believe that if no stand be made within the party against such management, party success next year will be a hundredfold more difficult.

POLITICAL MACHINERY.

Mr. Thurlow Weed, whose political counsel will always be received with the regard due to long experience, has recently written a letter, in which he says: "Like a majority of the Republicans of the State, I was opposed not only to the nomination of Mr. Cornell, but to the objectionable methods by which his nomination was effected. ......It is true that personal rather than public considerations swayed the Convention. Mr. Cornell was nominated by the enforcement of Senator Conkling, whose reiterated exactions upon his party are becoming onerous and irksome." Mr. Weed adds that Mr. Cornell owes his nomination to his removal from the Naval Office "under an absurd and impracticable scheme of civil service reform." In other words, it is a protest against administrative reform. Mr. Weed certainly makes a strong case; and if a Republican were ever at liberty to decline to follow the recommendation of a Convention, it would seem to be when its action is thus confessedly contrary to the will of the party; when it is taken under personal pressure for personal objects, and not for the party or public welfare; when it is procured by methods which even to so practiced a politician as Mr. Weed seem objectionable; when it is intended to commit the party to an act of vengeance upon a Republican Administration for carrying out the principles declared by a Republican National Convention, and enforced by a Republican Executive in pursuance of his distinct and emphatic reiteration of those principles in his letter of acceptance and his inaugural address; and when such recommendation can be rejected without detriment to the apparent party strength in the State. Unless Republicans are bound always by all the recommendations of a Convention, these would seem to be the circumstances under which, if ever, they may disregard such of them as are necessary to show their opinion of such management.

This, however, Mr. Weed denies. He argues that the whole recommendation should be accepted upon the extraordinary ground that "the duty of an elector concerns his party, and, as a corollary, his country. That duty can only be discharged by voting for the representatives of his party." He states this without qualification, and it is a doctrine which is absolutely indefensible. The duty of an elector concerns his country, and his party as the means. When, therefore, in his judgment the management of the party or the "regular" recommendations of the party imperil the purposes and the supremacy of the party, he must decline to support it. If it be answered that the only practical method of managing politics by party is the rule of the majority, we reply that the only way in which a majority, when it can not enforce its recommendations, can be taught to recommend what will be always unitedly and vigorously supported, is to refuse to sustain unworthy recommendations.

Mr. Beecher agrees with Mr. Weed. The "machine" was warmly defended by Mr. Beecher in a recent speech in Brooklyn, without qualification, and as if he supposed that machine meant merely organization. His words as reported were: "There is no administration of Democratic-Republican government possible but by machinery. It is founded in necessity, and all talk against parties and politics and machinery and management is the talk of men who do not care what they say, or do not know what they mean, or who do not know anything. You can not have anything in politics without parties and organizations, engines and management." Does Mr. Beecher know anybody who thinks that parties are useless, or that they can exist without organization? We do not. But his unqualified assertion that all protest against machinery and management in politics is mere folly or ignorance, is identical with that of the runners and advocates of the Tweed Ring, eight and nine years ago. It is the old declaration of the Tammany Hall orator, made in the days before Tweed, that he would vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated. It is a doctrine fatal to manhood and decency and honor in politics, and those who deny it and reject it care quite as much what they say, and know quite as clearly what they mean, as Mr. Beecher in his unqualified support of it. Its unchallenged assertion upon Republican platforms is a sign of decadence which every Republican must deplore who demands a higher political morality than that of Tammany Hall. Because organization and machinery are indispensable in the management of parties, does it follow that every purpose to which organization may be turned, and all machine action, is to be sustained without protest? Because order and government are indispensable to society, is every Asiatic despotism to be defended? The *Tribune*, alluding to Republicans who do not propose to vote for the whole Republican ticket, says:

> "As free citizens they have the right. But as men who owe a duty to themselves and their country, they have not the right. No man who comprehends what the Republican party has done, what it is, and what its prevailing forces are has any right to contribute to its defeat, even by withholding his vote, so long as the choice is between that party and the Democratic."

Was not the ascendency of the Republican party quite as essential to the welfare of the country in 1872 as it is now? If a Republican has not the right to vote on a State election in the way which seems to him best for promoting the supremacy of the party in the national election of next year, how had the *Tribune* the right in the national election of 1872 to support the Democratic as against the Republican nomination for the Presidency? A vote then, under the *Tribune's* lead, was a vote to commit the national government to the Democratic party, while a vote now for Mr. Wadsworth, for instance, is as effective for showing New York to be still Republican as a vote for Mr. Cornell. The writer of the article in the *Tribune* is undoubtedly an intelligent and conscientious Republican, whose sense of political duty leads him to vote for the whole ticket. There are other Republicans, no less intelligent and conscientious, whose sense of political duty leads them to vote for part of it only. The votes of all will be counted for the ascendency of the Republican party. It is futile for A to insist that B has no right to do precisely what A is doing. If the election of Mr. Cornell were necessary to show New York to be Republican, there might be longer hesitation. But it is possible by the same ballot both to rebuke a management of the party which, according to Mr. Weed, disregards the wishes of its majority, and to prove New York to be Republican. It is possible to show that New York is Republican, but that the balance of Republican power is held by those who will neither bargain with Tammany nor accept its political morality; by those who will not, under the plea of the necessity of organization, acquiesce in the denial of their own Republican principles, and who will not prostitute their party loyalty to the gratification of personal grievances.

OHIO.

The election in Ohio settles the position of the State next year. It is not a doubtful State; it is Republican. With the result in Maine and California, the vote in Ohio proves conclusively that the tendency in the Northern States is distinctly Republican, and the autumn elections show the strong probability of national Republican success next year. Mr. Foster, who has been elected Governor of Ohio, is known as a strong friend of the Administration, and a valuable working member of Congress. The campaign has been largely conducted upon the financial issue, and the result disposes, for the present at least, of the "Ohio idee." It disposes also of Mr. Thurman and of General Ewing, either as Presidential or Senatorial candidates, and, on the other hand, it gives a certain importance to the candidacy of Mr. Sherman.

As the first great political event of the year, the election in Ohio will show to the more intelligent class of voters in the Southern States the hopelessness of the policy which was proposed in the Democratic caucus of the extra session. There is no disposition whatever, outside of the Democratic party, to commit the government of the country to that party, and there is no serious danger of any such result, if a wise policy prevails. The steady Republican cohesion of the Northern States will show the more reasonable Southern voters the hopelessness of mere sectionalism. The differences that exist in the Republican party do not affect its purposes nor fidelity to its principles. They look only to its greater efficiency and its larger vote. That is the object of the protest in New York. The Republican party includes the class of voters who especially represent the liberty-loving, law-respecting, progressive impulse of the American people, and the party is in danger only when it is betrayed by its own management.

GENERAL CROOK UPON THE INDIANS.

The Indian wars, with their great cost of life and money, will gradually prove to the country that the Indian question is one that demands thorough investigation and resolute treatment. It is, indeed, already ceasing to be merely a bore, and the theory that Indians are vermin who angrily resist extermination is giving way to the view that they are ignorant and uncivilized men who are outraged, and who protest in the only way they understand. No service can be more distasteful to a soldier of humane and generous mind than that against Indians whom he knows to have taken up arms to oppose injustice and wrong. Such a soldier is General Crook, and his letter to Mr. Tibbles, who has interested himself and many others in the Indian question, is very striking and instructive. General Crook has been thrown in contact with the Indians under all circumstances for more than a quarter of a century, and in beginning his letter he enumerates the many tribes that he has known. He says that they act under precisely the same impulses and are guided by identically the same train of reasoning as white men under like circumstances, and he asserts that "the Indians have adhered more closely to the spirit of treaty stipulations than the white man or the white man's government has ever done."

The leading chiefs see that the time has come when the Indians can no longer depend upon hunting for support, but must adapt themselves to civilization. But they have naturally and justly lost confidence in us and our promises. While they remain at peace, we starve them. When they spring upon our frontier settlements in war, we make every promise and concession. Thus we teach them that to be "bad" is to secure just treatment. We had a war with the Bannocks. General Crook had a talk with them, and they said that they had been our allies in the war with the Sioux, and that while the Sioux were kept well supplied by us, they, the Bannocks, had been starved. Then people wondered why there was war with the Bannocks. But even if the appropriations admitted feeding the Indians well, and if the agent is thoroughly honest and capable, the Indians can not claim protection under our laws. General Crook mentions the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail bands of Sioux now living on reservations in his department, and numbering 12,000 or 14,000 persons. He thinks that they are earnestly desirous of remaining at peace. Yet during the last winter and spring they were robbed of more than 1000 ponies, and the agents, who in this case are zealous and capable, are paralyzed by the "Posse Comitatus Act," and are utterly powerless to help. For such wrongs the Indians have no redress whatever. As General Crook understands the law, he can not even seize Indian property when found in the hands of notorious thieves. The Indian has the right of suing for recovery in the State courts, but this would be a very shadowy consolation.

The General forcibly concludes that the only true policy with the Indian is to treat him like a white man, punishing him if he makes war upon our settlements, but, when he has been subdued, protecting him in life and property. Keep white thieves from plundering him, and let him see that peace means progress, that he has a market for his beef and hides and grain, and self-interest will compel him to do as we do—to send his children to school, and eventually to qualify himself for citizenship. If we treated some of our foreign immigrants, says the General, in the way we treat the Indians, it would not take long to turn them into prowling vagabonds, living by robbery and assassination. The tone of sincerity in this letter, and the great experience of the General, make his testimony very impressive. The Indian question, as we said, is undoubtedly extremely distasteful to many persons, but the immense cost of Indian wars, and the unquestionable wrongs of the Indians from which such wars usually spring, persistently force the subject upon public attention. It is high time that our Indian policy conformed to the views universally expressed by those who are most familiar with Indian character and life, whether soldiers or civilians. General Crook agrees substantially, as to the wrongs of the Indians, with Bishop Whipple.

ANOTHER PROTEST.

A special meeting of the Civil Service Reform Association of the City of New York was held on the 8th of October, the president, the Rev. Dr. Bellows, in the chair, and the following resolutions were adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the Republican nomination of Alonzo B. Cornell for Governor of New York is inconsistent with the declaration of the last Republican National Convention concerning civil service reform, and with the passages in President Hayes's letter of acceptance, inaugural address, and first Message to Congress on the same subject, and deserves the opposition of all persons who maintain in good faith (in Mr. Hayes's language) that 'a reform in our civil service' is 'the paramount necessity' of American government.

"*Resolved*, That the Democratic nomination of Mr. Allen C. Beach for Secretary of State, and the Republican nomination of Mr. Howard Soule for State Engineer, are unworthy of support by reason of the proved complicity of both said nominees in practices with the State canals which are radically repugnant to an honest administration of the civil service."

Dr. Bellows, in an eloquent sermon, extracts from which have been published, powerfully enforces the duty of political independence, and presents the true view of the necessity and value of political organization.

SOME REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

The New York Republicans in the city and neighborhood have made several excellent Senatorial nominations.

In the First District Major John Birdsall, of Glen Cove, is the candidate—a life-long Republican, an honest and upright man, and a candidate in whose success his former political associates, now separated from the district by the new distribution, will take the warmest interest.

In the Tenth District Mr. W. W. Astor has been nominated by a vote of 22 to 14 for Mr. Thomas Murphy. Mr. Astor's career in the Assembly was most honorable, and his election to the Senate would be a public benefit.

In the Eleventh District Mr. George H. Forster is the candidate—a gentleman who has already served in the Assembly, and whose force and purity of character, eminent ability and sagacity, and political independence make him a peculiarly fitting Republican representative. As we go to press he had not fully decided to accept, but we trust that he will not decline. He is the kind of man that the party and the public need to place and to see in official position.

ENGLISH VIEWS OF AMERICAN FARMING.

The London *Times* is apparently sending out commissions of investigation, as the New York *Herald* has sent out voyages of discovery. The correspondent of the *Times* who is making inquiries into our agriculture reports results which, as the *Spectator* says, offer a wretched outlook for the present generation of British farmers. He makes a detailed computation in regard to the Western farmer, and concludes that four years' profits, or in some districts two years, would be enough to buy the fee-simple of the land. The American farmer, he says, may be taken to make twenty-five per cent. on his money, even when he sells his grain at three English shillings a bushel—a rate of profit with which no British farmer can compete.

The remarkable, and to most Englishmen the startling, statistics of the last year regarding American agriculture and the food supply for England from this side of the sea have turned attention in that country earnestly to the land question, and will bring it forward yet more prominently as a practical issue. John Bright has long seen and said that it is a question which can not be always avoided. Any serious change, however, would be almost revolutionary in effect, for, as ex-Governor Seymour pointed out in his late agricultural address, the land system in England is closely bound up with the political system. Even the English country gentlemen are coming to see that something must be done, although they hope to prevent any interference by the state.

The Land Reformers are, of course, greatly strengthened by the renewed agitation based upon the immense importations of cheap food; and Lord Beaconsfield's talk about three revenues from the land, and prophecies of our succumbing to Canadian rivalry, are only a ludicrous illustration of his method of dealing with great questions by fine phrases, and by an audacity which in other than Parliamentary circles is called "cheek." The course of British action upon this subject will be watched in this country with very great interest, for voices are already heard asking whether free trade has not been pushed too far.

"FROM ATTIC TO CELLAR."

A very neat and modest little volume, *From Attic to Cellar*, has just been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, a book for young housekeepers, by Mrs. Oakey. Surely all that sisterhood will rise up and call her blessed who in these clear and simple hints and directions has embodied the experience of a life of such duties admirably done. The tact and cheerful intelligence and good humor, the knowledge of the trying and difficult points, the familiarity with the very thing that the young housekeeper must know without knowing where to find the knowledge, make the little book as welcome to her as the counsel of an elder and wiser friend.

This is, in fact, the position of the author. She is the friend, sympathetic, observant, and full of experience, which the young housekeeper requires. The book is like the directions of a careful mother to her newly married daughter, and the nameless grace of a lady's conversation gives it a peculiar charm. The young wife for whom it is intended—and older wives may well heed its counsels—will see at once that it is a manual prepared by a practical mistress of the science of which it treats—the delightful science of making home happy by a hundred detailed cares and economies, and by the orderly system which makes harmony in the domestic as in the celestial sphere.

It is not, however, merely a manual of housekeeping in a limited sense, for it includes daily habits, the care of children, home and society and dress, indeed, all the topics which belong to the home, and all are treated in the same simple and sensible way, which is possible only to the mistress of a house who is perfectly familiar with the most refined and elegant society, but who is not in the least bewitched or befooled by it, and who understands that in this country, as a rule, the young married woman who is to make a home is to do it with intelligence, economy, and care.

A GLIMPSE OF "TOM PAINE."

To our Federal ancestors the author of the famous phrase, "These are the times that try men's souls," and of the fine description of Burke's sympathy with the French aristocracy in the Revolution, "He pities the plumage, and forgets the dying bird," was known only as "Tom Paine." A vivid glimpse of him as seen by Federal eyes is given in a letter now in possession of the Minnesota Historical Society, and communicated to the last number of the *New England Genealogical Register*. It is dated November 20, 1804, and was written by a young Mr. Lewis, of Greenwich, Connecticut, to his father, describing a stage-coach journey from Greenwich to New York. The journey was agreeable, and at the post-office at New Rochelle the driver was asked if he had a seat for a passenger. He said yes, and thrusting his head into the stage, exclaimed to the passengers: "Tom Paine, as I'm a sinner!" He was "an old man" of sixty-seven, dressed in an old threadbare surtout, a small wool hat, a very greasy pair of nankeen small-clothes, and a pair of woollen stockings, with a pair of dirty old shoes, "slipshod about his heels." While the company was waiting for breakfast at East Chester he began to wash his shoes with his hands in a wash-bowl that stood in the piazza. He was asked if his feet were too hot, that he must wash them in cold water on a cold morning. This led to chaff and laughter, while Mr. Paine gave his reasons for washing his shoes.

As they resumed their journey, one of the travellers drew Paine into conversation, and he told the story of his life while with the Revolutionary army, severely criticising the surrender of Fort Washington, and the Jersey campaign, without mentioning Washington's name, but warmly praising Charles Lee. The young Lewis chafed under the sly stabs at Washington, and could hardly restrain himself when Paine concluded by using the very words which he puts into the mouth of General Lee "in his impious letter to Washington." But he held his tongue. By-and-by Paine asked if any of the company had seen the President's Message, which he highly commended. Mr. Lewis spoke ironically of the gunboats, but Paine "attempted to defend" them.

The conversation fell upon the death of General Hamilton, and Mr. Lewis cited some of "the most beautiful sentences" from various eulogies, especially that of Fisher Ames. Mr. Paine curtly observed that they seemed to him "rank nonsense." Mr. Lewis retorted that many of the most respectable gentlemen in the Union agreed in extolling Mr. Ames's address. Mr. Paine answered that many such also agreed with him, and that there was quite as much written which tended to lower General Hamilton's character as to raise it. Nobody had yet betrayed that he knew Paine, and Mr. Lewis, upon this, contemptuously replied that "it was as much impossible for these writers to injure the reputation of General Hamilton in the estimation of the great and good as it was for Thomas Paine to destroy the character of General Washington by writing letters filled with falsehoods." The company applauded, and Paine, in much agitation, replied: "Let me tell you I am that Thomas Paine." Lewis rejoined, sturdily: "Well, Sir, if the garment fits you, you are welcome to wear it." "Yes," said Mr. Clark, another passenger, "Mr. Lewis has expressed the opinion of every honest man from Maine to Georgia." Mr. Paine was "completely silenced," and said no more. One such letter shows the reason of the peculiar antipathy which "respectable" America felt for Paine.

HAWTHORNE UPON THOREAU.

Mr. Epes Sargent has very kindly communicated to us a letter from Hawthorne introducing Thoreau to the literary acquaintanceship of Mr. Sargent. The letter was written thirty-seven years ago, when Hawthorne was living in the "old Manse" at Concord, Massachusetts, which was Thoreau's native place. In the introduction to the *Mosses from an Old Manse* Hawthorne speaks of his neighbor, for whom he had a very sincere admiration, and whose fame, although not as universal, is no less unique than Hawthorne's.

"Concord, Mass., *October* 21, 1842.

"*To Epes Sargent, New York:*

"My dear Sir,—In compliance with your request for an article, I have corrected and added some finishing touches to a sketch of character from a private journal of mine. Whether it have any interest must depend entirely on the sort of view taken by the writer, and the mode of execution. If it suit your purpose, I shall be very glad.

"There is a gentleman in the town of the name of Thoreau, a graduate of Cambridge, and a fine scholar, especially in old English literature, but withal a wild, irregular, Indian-like sort of fellow, who can find no occupation in life that suits him. He writes, and sometimes—often, for aught I know—very well indeed. He is somewhat tinctured with Transcendentalism, but I think him capable of becoming a very valuable contributor to your magazine. In the *Dial* for July there is an article on the natural history of this part of the country, which will give you an idea of him as a genuine and exquisite observer of nature—a character almost as rare as that of a true poet. A series of such articles would be a new feature in magazine literature, and perhaps a popular one; and, not improbably, he might give them a more popular tone than the one in the *Dial*. Would it not be worth while to try Mr. Thoreau's pen? He writes poetry also—for instance, 'To the Maiden in the East,' 'The Summer Rain,' and other pieces in the *Dial* for October, which seem to be very careless and imperfect, but as true as bird notes. The man has stuff to make a reputation of, and I wish that you might find it consistent with your interest to aid him in obtaining that object.

"In common with the rest of the public, I shall look for character and individuality in the magazine which you are to edit, and it seems to me that this Mr. Thoreau might do something toward marking it out from the common catalogue of such publications.

"With my best wishes for your success, I am, very truly, yours, Nath. Hawthorne."

PERSONAL.

Dr. William Jack, a gentleman well known abroad for scholarship and fine abilities, has just been unanimously appointed Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow. Dr. Jack was First Smith's Prizeman and Third Wrangler at Cambridge, and was for a time Professor of Natural Philosophy in Owens College, Manchester. He is also known as a versatile journalist, and as an energetic partner in the firm of Macmillan & Co., in whose magazine he recently published a series of interesting papers on Burns.

—Mr. George Rankin Young, who died in Philadelphia a few days since, was one of the founders of the Scotch-Irish colony that settled in Chester County, Pennsylvania, forty years ago, and was the father of Mr. John Russell Young, of the New York *Herald*.

—The last number of Edmund Yates's "Celebrities at Home," in the London *World*, sketches one of the most distinguished men in the House of Commons, Mr. Joseph Cowen, describing him as "a curious, perhaps a unique, combination of the poetic and the practical, of the man of business and the man of feeling. He makes the best fire-bricks in the world, and, as Sir Wilfrid Lawson says, he is personally acquainted with every conspirator in Europe. He owns and works large collieries, and is admitted to be one of the few orators in the House of Commons. He farms a thousand acres of land, and he has created a daily newspaper which has the largest circulation out of London. With a revenue exceeding that of many peers, he goes about Westminster, winter and summer, in a low-crowned felt hat, such as pitmen wear on Sundays, and a squarely cut black coat, the pattern of which he must have himself designed in a moment of inspiration. He is as generous as he is rich, as learned as he is eloquent, as modest as he is influential. Few men of his actual position and personal habits would escape the aspersion of affectation. But no one having the slightest acquaintance with Mr. Cowen would suspect him of being anything other than he presents himself, or of meaning anything other than what he says. He is of the wholesome kind of men who save their friends and the public a deal of trouble by precluding the necessity for mentally debating whether there is any hidden meaning in their speech, or any covert motive for their conduct."

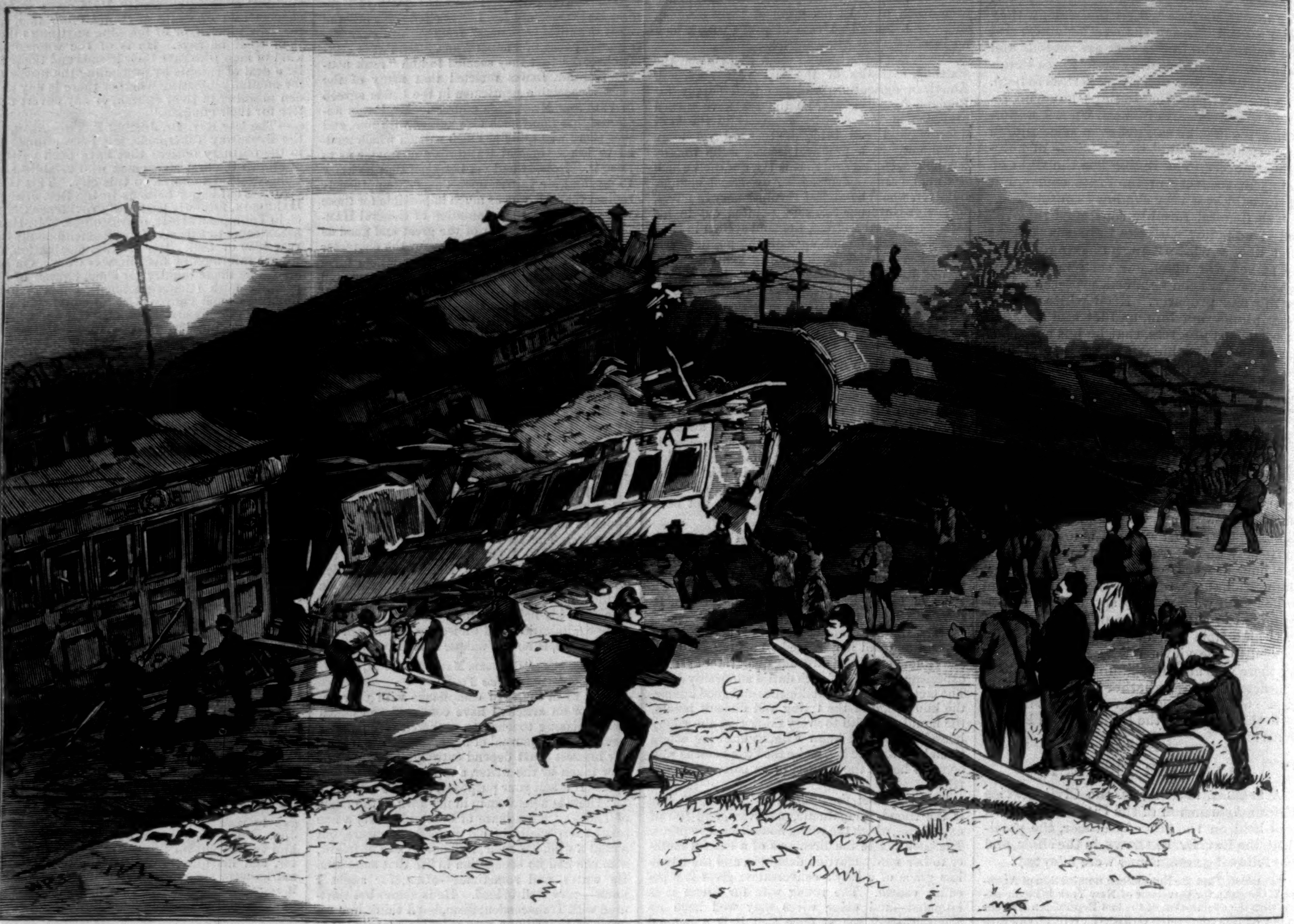
—The late Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, has been alluded to in the obituary notices that have been written of him as the first clergyman who established a Congregational church in this city. This is an error. That honor belongs to the Rev. Joseph Harrison, formerly pastor of Providence Chapel, in Thompson Street, near Broome. Mr. Harrison came to this city from England about the year 1820 or 1821. His original destination, as we are informed by his son, was Ohio. On his arrival he made inquiry for some church of his peculiar faith (Congregational), but the only Congregational church that he could find was located in Chambers Street, near Church, which, on further inquiry, proved to be Unitarian. Finding none of the denomination he sought, he determined to remain in New York. He procured a hall or lecture-room in Chapel Street (now West Broadway), in the vicinity of Franklin Street, and commenced his labors, styling himself "Independent," to distinguish himself from the Congregational (Unitarian). In 1823, his congregation increasing, he built the church known as "Providence Chapel," above named, and continued as its pastor until his retirement. He was identified with the first Congregational Association formed in this city; was its Moderator during the first years of its existence; was associated with Drs. Beecher and Thompson in the formation of a new association, comprising churches in this city and Long Island—indeed, was identified with and deeply interested in every movement of that body until, when age crept upon him, he retired from active duty as a clergyman.

—Dr. William M. Taylor, pastor of the Tabernacle Church in this city, during a recent visit to Scotland met a gentleman from Kirkcaldy who in his youth was a pupil at that place of Thomas Carlyle, then a school-master fresh from his studies at Edinburgh. When Carlyle goes into his native county, as it has long been his custom frequently to do, he is a welcome visitor at the home of this old pupil. On one occasion when making a visit, Dr. Taylor relates that his host, late at night, said, "Now, Mr. Carlyle, we are going to have family worship," thinking he might wish to retire before it was begun. But Carlyle at once replied, "Well, bring me the Book, and I'll read for you." The Bible was given to him, and he began to read at the beginning of the Book of Job. For a time it was delightful to listen to him as he went on through chapter after chapter, and his quiet but quaint parenthetic remarks were sometimes exceedingly good. But it soon became evident that he had no notion of stopping, and had become entirely oblivious to the occasion, so that he was in danger of reading through the whole Book of Job. At last his niece, by whom he was accompanied, recalled him to himself, saying, "The servants must be weary, and will wish to go to sleep." Whereupon he closed the Book with a sharp, short, clasp-like sound, and betook himself to the next room and to his pipe.

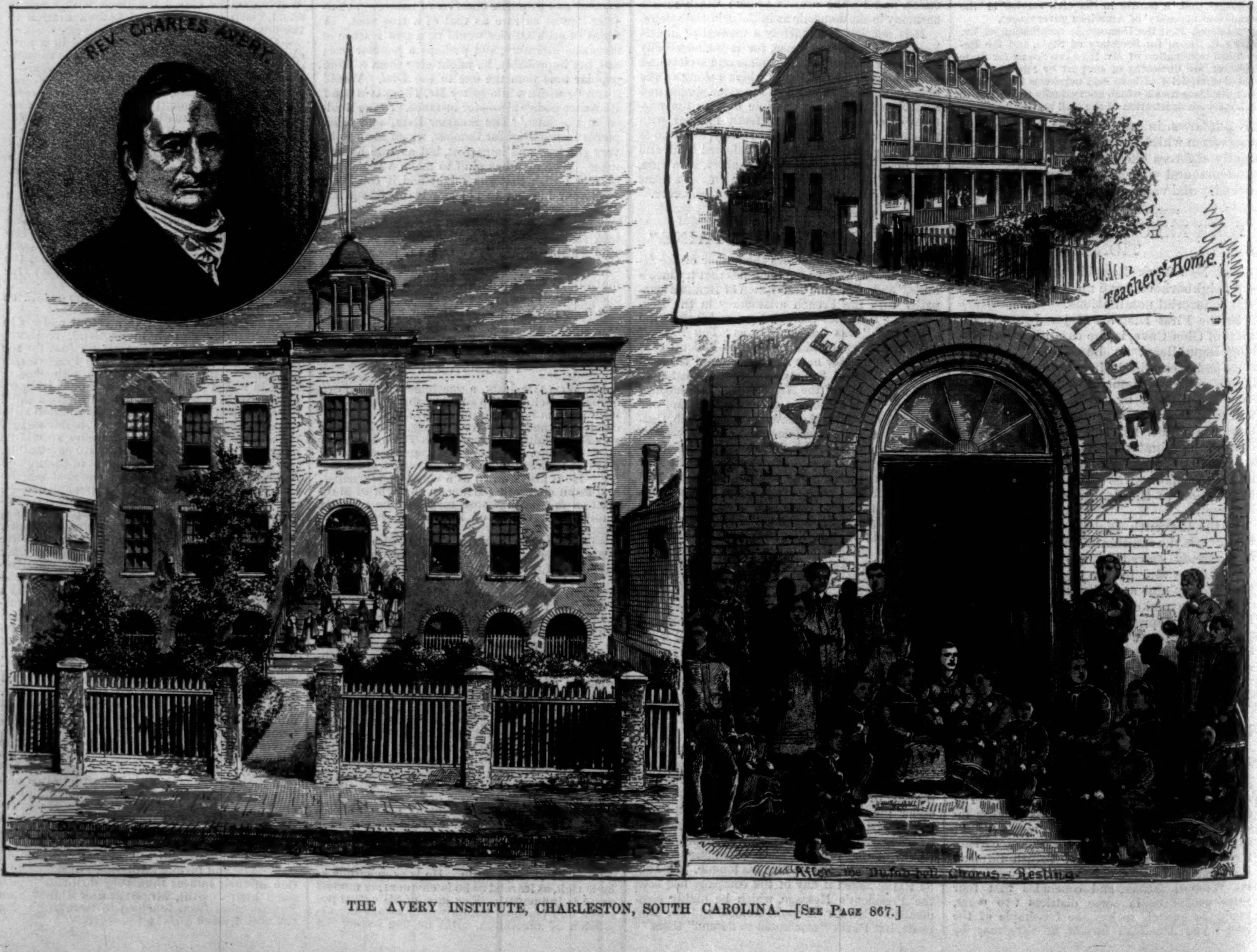
—Colonel John Hay has appeared in a new character. After having discharged the responsible duties of private secretary to President Lincoln, and filled with marked ability several diplomatic positions, he dropped into sacred poetry, and subsequently abandoned himself to the high-grade fascinations which the society of New York afforded, at the same time delighting the general public—the common folk of the country—with wise and witty editorials in the *Tribune*. After marrying a charming heiress, and in due time becoming a sedate man of family (2), he inserted himself into a spacious home in Cleveland, and now turns up an orator from the stump in that city and towns round. And report says he has made a great hit of it. Report also says that men of high degree (*with* brains) are talking over the propriety, if not the necessity, of sending him to Congress next year from the Cleveland district. There are many men, of different political faith, who would be glad to see him there.

—The Duke of Argyll, in a recent address in a Presbyterian church in Scotland, remarked that a movement had been set on foot for the greater liberty of worship in the Presbyterian churches. Thirty years ago he published a book in which he stated that, without giving up extempore prayer, he would like to have a short liturgy in addition. He held that opinion still, if possible more strongly than ever, believing that the service in Presbyterian churches should be improved and rendered as attractive as possible.

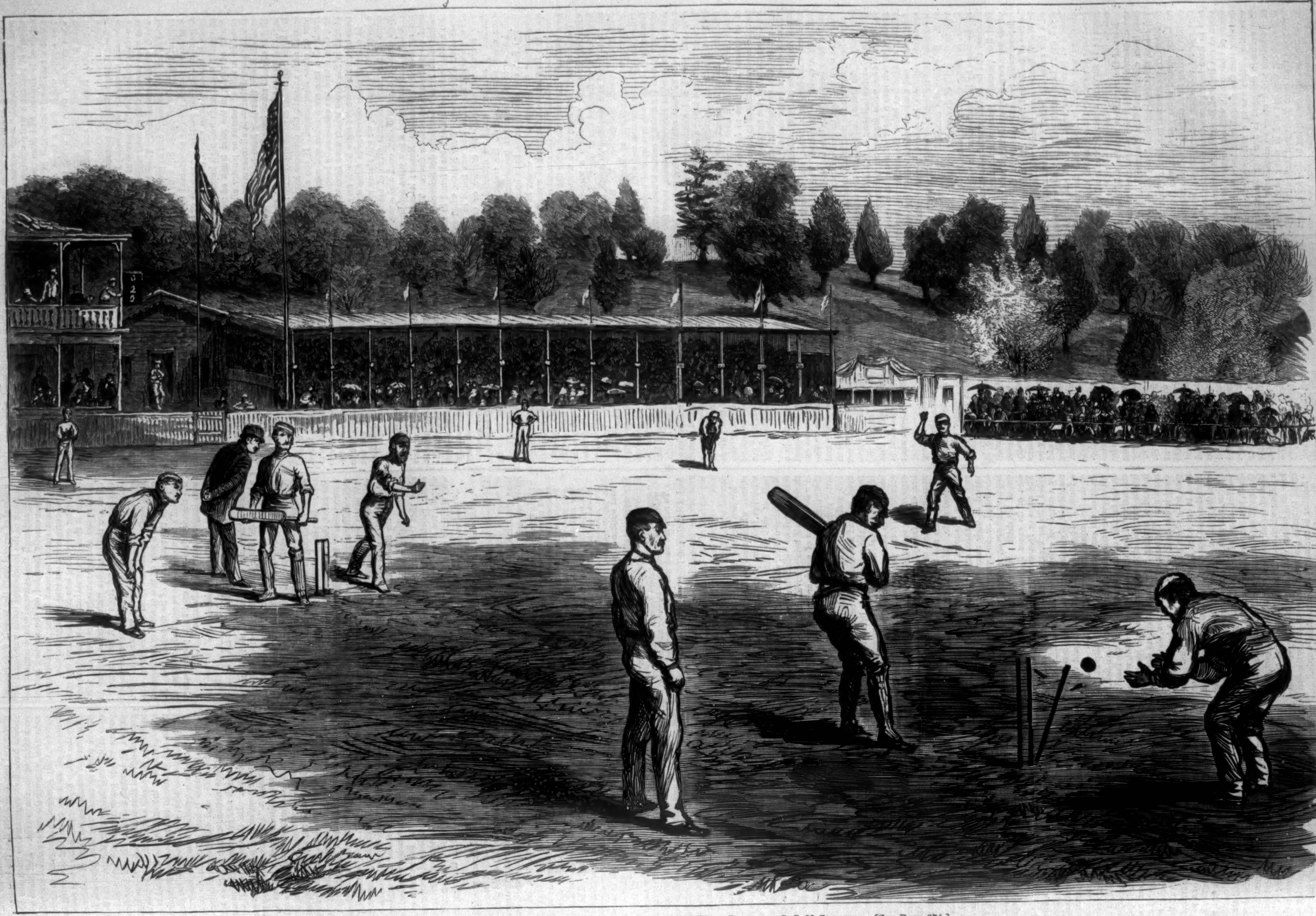
—The New York correspondent of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* goes somewhat into detail as to how Mr. Stedman, the poet and broker, put in the time while on his recent trip to Europe. "In London he dined with John Bright, Robert Browning, Lord Houghton, Matthew Arnold, and many other men whose names are as familiar here as in their own country. He escorted Kate Field to a garden party at Holland House, where he met the cream of London society. He met the famous Mrs. Langtry at a reception given by Lady Lindsay at the Grosvenor Gallery, and he bought cigars of the beautiful Mrs. Cornwallis West at the Albert Festival, where he saw that inspired skeleton, Sarah Bernhardt, surrounded by her worshippers; and he attended the performances of the Comédie Française in London and Paris. He visited Swinburne at his home at Henley-on-Thames, where he lives in bachelor retirement with his mother; and he was the guest of Alma Tadema, George H. Boughton (pronounced Bawton), G. W. Smalley, and Moncure D. Conway. The latter lives in one of the Duke of Bedford's cottages, just out of London. The duke has erected a little settlement of some two hundred and fifty cottages, no two of which are alike, but all are built after some unique design. Mr. Stedman says that the literary and artistic people in London live an ideal life in ideal houses. Rents are not high over there, and every one can have a house who desires to. The high-art craze is at its climax, and people think more of the decoration of their houses than they do of their personal attire. Still, Mr. Stedman thinks that English girls from fourteen to twenty-four are the best-dressed girls in the world."



THE ACCIDENT ON THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD, NEAR JACKSON, MICHIGAN.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. A. PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 867.]


REV. CHARLES AVERY.
Teachers' Home.
AVE
TUTE
After the Dumb-bell Chorus—Resting.

THE AVERY INSTITUTE, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 867.]



THE INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH AT PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.—[See Page 874.]

FROGS AND TOADS IN STONE.

"AT the works of Messrs. Burton, brick and tile manufacturers, Ironbridge, Salop," says a recent London journal, "some workmen were employed in sinking a well; when, on reaching a depth of twenty-two feet from the surface, they found a toad firmly imbedded in the solid clay. The reptile, which was a large one, appeared, when extricated from its living tomb, to be in quite a lively condition, and stretched itself out in the sun. It is alive, and preserved as a curiosity."

This strange story is corroborated by many others of analogous character. Frogs and toads are really endowed with a power of bearing privation quite beyond that of most other animals with which we are acquainted. They have so little need of air for breathing, and so great an endowment of the power of dispensing with food for a lengthened period, that, as ascertained by actual experiment, they can survive for months or even years in closed cavities where the maintenance of vitality would seem well-nigh impossible. In blocks of stone, in the solid trunk of trees, incased in a wall of cement or plaster allowed to solidify around them—in all these mysterious recesses it is said that they have been found alive. Blocks of solid stone have been quarried revealing living toads and frogs in the interior; and other blocks containing cavities apparently moulded around such animals, the denizens having somehow or other disappeared. If the rings in the trunk of a tree are a token and measure of its age, then a toad has occasionally been found imbedded in the layers which were formed generations ago, let it have got there how it may.

In order to place ourselves in some degree on a level with the subject, we will glance rapidly at some of the many accounts given of toads and frogs found in trees, stiff clay, coal, and stone.

A large toad was found a few years ago in an old apple-tree at Wonham Manor; it came to light when the tree was blown down. The Mémoires of the French Académie des Sciences contain a description of a living toad found in the heart of an old elm-tree. Near Nantes, when an old oak was cleft open, a toad was found in the very heart-wood, although no crevice or other channel of entrance could be detected; there were about ninety rings in the trunk of this oak, leading to the inference (according to one theory) that the animal must have been in his prison-house ninety years. Mr. Jesse, in reference to a frog found in the trunk of a mulberry-tree, expressed a belief that the annual rings had been gradually but surely inclosing the reptile.

Toads in clay have been more frequently met with than in trees; sometimes a whole family have been thus ferreted out at once. In 1856 a toad was found at a considerable depth, at Benthall, near Brosely, Shropshire. Mr. Bathurst, earthenware manufacturer at Benthall, ascertained that the creature was met with about six feet beneath the surface, in a layer of tough clay customarily used for making coarse brown ware. Above this layer, in successive strata, were ferruginous coal of poor quality, clay, a loam of clay and gravel, and meadow turf at the top. The toad was found filling a cavity as wax does a seal. A minute examination of the superincumbent strata failed to detect any fissure through which the animal could have entered. The light of day seemed at first to distress it, but this it soon became accustomed to; the eyes were brilliant, the skin moist, the mouth quite closed.

Shale and coal are included among the abodes of these curious batrachians. At the International Exhibition of 1862, at South Kensington, a toad was exhibited in a bottle, and a block of coal with a cavity in its midst. The toad was said to have been taken from the cavity, and it may have been so; but there was a want of correspondence between the matrix and the seal, the convexity of the animal inclosed and the concavity of the substance inclosing it. In 1874 a miner in South Wales, while digging an under-ground passage, struck into a layer of shale at a depth of forty or fifty feet below the surface; a large frog leaped out, with its mouth closed, its eyes apparently sightless, its muscular power greatly weakened, and its breathing effected through the skin. How long the animal lived after restoration to the light of day we are not told; but the miner, catching eagerly at some speculative remarks made by his semi-scientific neighbors, announced that he had discovered a frog which had lived five thousand years without food! Many pence were earned by exhibiting it as a wonder.

Brick walls, too, are sometimes the prison-houses of toads and frogs. At Eatington Park, in Warwickshire, some repairs were being effected a few years ago, when a toad was found in a small cavity in a brick wall. As the wall was known to have been built in 1740, and as the discovery was made in 1860, had the creature been thus bricked up for a hundred and twenty years? It survived about six weeks after extrication.

Most of the narratives mention solid stone as the substance in which the incarcerated animals have been discovered. At Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, the attendant who shows the wonders to visitors draws attention to a stone coffin, which, on being opened some years ago, was found to contain a living toad, supposed to have inhabited that gloomy residence for centuries. There is said to have been at one time a marble mantel-piece at the Duke of Devonshire's princely residence of Chatsworth, with an impress of a toad, denoting that the animal must have been there when the marble was in a soft or plastic state. The workmen employed in breaking the nodules of iron-stone which occur so abundantly in the iron-smelting districts and in many coal mines, have more than once discovered toads alive within the nodules, and continuing to live for a short time afterward. Strange, if true, seeing that these nodules are exceedingly hard. At the quarries of Combe Down, in Somerset, when the men are excavating and dressing freestone and sawing some of the blocks, they occasionally bisect a toad and the cavity in which he is inclosed, without (as they say) being able to detect any fissure or opening through which the animal can have entered.

Many years ago, in working a slate quarry near Barnard Castle, a toad of large size was discovered in a solid block—solid except the cavity occupied by the animal; the exhumed inmate died immediately on being exposed to the air. In Mackenzie and Ross's *Durham*, in which this incident is recorded, we are also told that at Framwell Gate Bridge, Durham, when the old battlements were removed, a large living toad was descried in the middle of the wall, where it must (apparently) have been immured for ages, the bridge having been built as far back as the year 1120. At the Great Exhibition in 1851 two halves of a block of stone were shown in which a living toad had been found; the creature died some time during the Exhibition. In the same year a toad was discovered alive within a mass of calcareous stone. It was sent to the Académie Française, by whom a committee was appointed to examine into the phenomenon.

That mischievous fraud, or a tendency to make money out of other people's credulity, comes into play in some of the toad-in-a-hole stories is likely enough. In a case which occurred in 1865, some members of the Manchester Geological Society instituted an examination of a piece of coal in which a live toad was said to have been found. They agreed that the cavity had been made artificially, and a toad put into it. The collier who exhibited the raree-show manifested much unwillingness to answer the close questions put to him—a pretty strong evidence that all was not fair and truthful. "Flint Jacks" have doubtless their analogues in "Toad Jacks."

A better feeling than absolute incredulity is one that prompts men to search for a rational explanation of unexpected marvels; and such search has not been neglected in regard to our present subject. M. Duméril, a member of the Académie Française, after carefully examining a large number of recorded instances, came to the conclusion that the animal, when young and very small, creeps (or it may be falls) into a stone through a crevice or fissure too small to attract general notice; he feeds upon insects which he may have taken in with him, or dragged in from time to time; he grows rapidly, and becomes too bulky to emerge from the door by which he entered, and has to undergo involuntary imprisonment. Then comes into operation his remarkable power of living almost without food or air. When the stone is broken, as in a quarry, the cleavage is likely to follow the line of the fissure, and lays bare the incarcerated batrachian, as naturalists call this order of reptiles. Toads, it is pretty well known, sleep all the winter, jumbled up together in a heap in any suitable cavity. The life of a toad in a stone may be merely a prolongation of his winter's nap. So profoundly does the animal sleep that he may be, and has been, artificially frozen till quite hard and brittle, and yet vitality re-asserts itself after slow thawing; this was proved by the distinguished French zoologist, Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. Geologists now believe that millions of years must have passed since the first solidification of many kinds of hard stone in which frogs and toads have been found; the stone certainly did not harden around the intruders, and they must, therefore, have got into it somehow from without, in comparatively recent times.

One who had never seen such an animal in a stone or the trunk of a tree, and who disbelieved all the stories in that direction, sought for an explanation in the following curious fashion: "The hollow of a horse's foot is called the *frog;* and the hollow or sinking on the face of a brick is in some parts of England also called a frog. When a hollow is found in a stone, might not the country workman have said, 'There's a frog in the stone!'" Ingenious, but a failure, seeing that the creatures have unquestionably been found in stone, let their mode of admission have been what it may.

Some naturalists believe that the skin of a frog has the property of acting upon the atmosphere in such a way as to imitate in degree the action of the lungs, thus supplying the prisoner with a little air in a manner not available to less gifted animals.

There is something well worthy of notice in the following suggestion, put forward by a Scotch naturalist a few years ago. Chinks, crevices, holes, vacuities of various kinds, are naturally formed in many stony strata and in many trunks of trees. The eggs of toads may accidentally be conveyed by water into these small openings, and after they are hatched, the animals may receive moisture and small portions of air from without.

Direct experiments have not been wholly wanting in connection with this subject. The *Zoological Journal* gives a detailed account of a series of experiments made about half a century ago by Dr. Buckland, the eminent geologist. Obtaining a large block of oolitic limestone from a quarry near Oxford, he caused twelve circular cells or cavities to be made in it, each five inches in diameter by twelve inches deep, with a groove at the top to receive a plate-glass cover, and a slate to protect the glass. A block was also obtained of siliceous sandstone, and twelve cells scooped in it, equal in diameter to the others, but not so deep. Twenty-four toads of various ages and sizes were put into the cells, one in each; the cells were closely sealed up, and the blocks buried deep in the ground. When opened a year afterward, it was found that nearly half the toads were still alive; inclosed for another twelve months, these survivors also died. About the same time Dr. Buckland buried four toads deeply in cavities cut in the trunk of an apple-tree, and carefully closed the cavities with bungs of wood. In about a year's time it was found that the reptiles were dead. M. Séguin, about 1850, placed several toads in an equal number of vessels, and inclosed them with plaster of Paris. After an interval of several years the vessels were opened, and one of the imprisoned toads was found still living, although the extremely hard cement had become exactly moulded on the animal, leaving no vacant space between them. On liberation, the creature crept out into the light of day.

Taking everything into consideration, our conclusion is that no animal can live without air and food beyond a comparatively short period. Gifted as are the batrachia with peculiar powers in this respect, toads and frogs may, and undoubtedly have been known, to survive an incarceration of a few years. But here the matter ends. Dr. Buckland's experiment must be considered conclusive that a year or two of solitary confinement deprives the toad even of its tenacious life. M. Duméril's arguments, above cited, also dispose of the theories that would credit the poor creature with longer powers of endurance.

WHAT IS A NAUTILUS?

FEW readers are unacquainted with the name which heads this article. From its frequent employment as the name of ships and boats of all sizes and descriptions, to its application as the name of the real animal itself, the term "nautilus" has acquired a degree of fame and notoriety seldom attaching to any purely technical appellation. Despite, however, the familiar nature of the name, there are very few persons outside the natural-history world who would care to profess their ability to give a succinct reply to the query, "What is a nautilus?" True, Pope long ago advised us in his "Essay on Man" to

> "Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
> Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale"

—a description which, if correct, would tend to show that the nautilus in question is a veritable sailor, provided with oars and sails, and thus adapted for a free life on the wave. It is Byron who similarly speaks of

> "The tender nautilus who steers his prow,
> The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,
> The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea."

And Montgomery, the poet of the sea, has placed on record a description of the nautilus which will bear quotation, by way of illustrating our subsequent remarks:

> "Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
> Keel upward from the deep emerged a shell,
> Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled.
> Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
> And moved at will along the yielding water.
> The native pilot of this little bark
> Put out a tier of oars on either side,
> Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
> And mounted up and glided down the billow
> In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
> And wander in the luxury of light."

Nor were the classic poets behind in their notice of the nautilus. Oppian tells us that this

> "Ship-like fish the future seaman taught.
> Then mortals tried the shelving hull to slope,
> To raise the mast and twist the stronger rope."

And Aristotle and Pliny agree in describing this creature as possessing the habit of floating on the surface of the sea, and of paddling along by means of its "oars," or, in easier fashion, being carried by the favoring gales.

Modern science is at no loss to indicate the animal which thus secured a large measure of attention from the poets and naturalists of the past, as well as from modern singers. In the Mediterranean Sea, and in still warmer regions, certain curious "shell-fish" occur, the heads of these animals being provided with eight "arms" or "feet," two of which are greatly broadened at their tips, and are clasped around the shell. This latter structure is of delicate nature, readily broken, and highly fragile. Opening just below the head, we find a curious tube called the "funnel," from which the water used in breathing is forcibly ejected, and thus drives the animal swiftly backward in the sea. Such is the animal called scientifically the paper nautilus, the *Argonauta argo* of the zoologist, and the most typical member of its family. But our description of the nautilus has left us almost as ignorant as before of the nature and rank of the animal in the zoological scale. We called it a "shell-fish," it is true, but this term is very wide in its application and significance, and might include animals so varied in their nature as a "sea-squirt" on the one hand, or an oyster or snail on the other. Suppose, however, we were to pull the argonaut out of his shell. We might then gain a clearer idea of its exact likeness to other "shell-fish." The arms or feet surrounding the head are provided with suckers, its body is soft, it breathes by a couple of gills, and it has the habit, already mentioned, of ejecting water from the gills through a funnel. These are characters you could verify at the first aquarium you cared to visit. Halt in front of the cuttle-fish tank, wherein disport the real representatives of Victor Hugo's "devil-fish." In the familiar octopus you will see all the family characters of the argonaut, save the shell, which, by-the-way, the octopus carries inside his body, instead of bearing it on the outside, as does the nautilus. The octopus, as you know, shoots backward in his tank by means of the hydraulic engine with which nature has furnished him. His head is encircled by the same crown of arms or tentacles that you have seen in the nautilus, and even the number of these appendages—eight—is similar, although the octopus wants the two expanded arms of his shell-bearing friend. In short, you can entertain no doubt whatever that the nautilus is simply a curious cuttle-fish—a kind of far-off cousin to the octopus, in fact, and a being which was famed in classic and poetic lore long before Victor Hugo and the aquarium came to make the terms octopus and cuttle-fish "familiar in our mouths as household words."

The nautilus—the paper nautilus, as we may more properly term it, from the delicate nature of its shell—may, however, be said to have been the unconscious victim of much misconception at the hand of the poet. It was, no doubt, a pretty and poetic thought that the boat-like shell should have first suggested to man the idea of venturing upon the waves. And some classic naturalist, viewing the two expanded arms, doubtless felt fully justified in assigning to them the function of sails in propelling the living barge over the sea. Equally justifiable would seem the idea that the remaining six arms of slender make should serve as oars; and thus provided, in the eyes of the early interpreter of nature, the sailing powers of the paper nautilus might well be regarded as beyond a doubt. It has long been a grave complaint that science tends to modify and to destroy the poetic sentiment. If by this accusation is meant the destruction of what is erroneous and untrue to nature in the conception of the poet, science must plead guilty to the charge. But it remains a question whether poetry which is untrue to nature is best calculated to enhance and ennoble life; and whether in ridding the world of a false notion, science is not in reality discharging a high and important office as a censor of knowledge. Be this as it may, the fact remains that the popular and poetic ideas which saw in the nautilus a "sea-born sailor" are utterly erroneous and misconceived. Let us begin with the "sails" of the animal—the two expanded arms of the eight it possesses. These appendages, the zoologist tells us, are never separated from the shell, but are kept, on the contrary, closely applied to that structure. But for this support the shell would part company with its possessor, and tumble to the bottom of the sea. Unlike the shell of oyster, snail, or mussel, that of the nautilus is not organically or permanently—that is, for life—fastened to the animal's body by strong attachments, muscular and otherwise. Hence the idea of the arms being detached from the shell is simply a poetic fiction; and so far from the shell serving as a decided protection to the animal, its chief use is that of serving as a kind of "nursery," in which the young nautili in their early development and in their egg state are sheltered.

Moreover, whatever veil of fiction poetry has woven around the nautilus, it should be noticed that it is the lady argonauts which could alone be entitled to the credit of performing the experiment of navigation just alluded to, since the male nautili are insignificant little creatures, not more than an inch in length, and destitute of the slightest trace of a shell. The representative of the "sterner sex" is in reality the weaker vessel in argonaut existence, and appears to a decided disadvantage by the side of his partner. The manner of formation of the shell in the argonaut was for long a matter of doubt and uncertainty. A true shell, it may be well to note, is invariably formed by the "mantle" or general skin of the body. And though the limy "bones" of the cuttle-fishes—so frequently placed in the cages of canary-birds for the sake of the lime they contain—are not in the least like the "shells" we are accustomed to see and recognize, still such is their true nature. They are formed by the "mantles" of the octopus, sepia, and their relatives, and are thus true representatives of the oyster's covering and of the snail's house. In the case of the nautilus, however, the "shell" assumes a different aspect. It was a lady—Madame Power—who, from observations made upon these cuttle-fishes in the port of Messina, settled the vexed question of the nature of the shell. She showed that upon the two expanded arms devolved the work of forming the shell. When broken, it was the arms which repaired it; and thus the shell appears before us as a mere secretion of the arms, and one in the formation of which the body proper takes no part. Nor was this the only debatable point which the shell of the nautilus presented to view. Long ago it was a burning question in natural history whether the nautilus made its own shell, or whether, like the hermit-crab, it crept into the cast-off abode of some other animal. But this question was duly settled by the observation of the nautilus in all stages of its existence and development; and the direct appeal to nature solved this difficulty, as it has elucidated many other and more important problems.

Any further details of nautilus history which might be alluded to in the present instance in reality resolve themselves into a description of its internal anatomy. But for such a digression there exists no need, and we may therefore turn our attention to the history of a second "nautilus," which appears as a candidate for notice in a paper devoted to the brief chronicle of the race.

Besides the nautilus just described, there exists another animal similarly designated, but distinguished from the paper nautilus by the prefix "pearly"—a term likewise applied from considerations connected with the polished and prepared appearance of the shell. The latter is by no means uncommon in its polished condition in our drawing-rooms. Very elegant, in truth, is the form of the shell—a flattened spiral, with an enlarged body cavity or mouth, wherein reposed its inhabitant, hardly a "tenant at will," as in the case of the paper nautilus. If you press your fingers into this shell, you will find that instead of being all in one piece, so to speak, as in the case of the whelk's or snail's abode, your hand will be arrested within a short distance from the mouth by a partition, which completely shuts off this front-room body-chamber from the other compartments of this abode. If you were to make a vertical section of the pearly nautilus shell, you would then see that it was divided into numerous chambers coiled in a spiral fashion, each compartment being shut off from its neighbors by a permanent partition. What is the history of such a shell? Simply that of a house which had to be successively and periodically enlarged to suit the growing dimensions of its tenant. Thus in early life the nautilus inhabited the central and smallest chamber of the spiral. As its infancy progressed, it had to leave the first room of this house, building a second compartment, and likewise making a partition wall between the disused room and its new apartment. As time passed, this process was repeated again and again, the new chambers which were formed being built in a spiral fashion. If you feel carefully in the centre of the first partition, which your fingers alone can reach, you will be able to detect the presence of a small aperture. Through this latter a tube named *siphuncle* passed in the living nautilus, from the body itself, through the entire series of partitions. The exact function of this tube is still unknown to us. Some naturalists elect to believe that it acts in some way as a hydrostatic apparatus, and enables the nautilus to rise or sink in the sea, after the fashion of those fishes which possess a "swimming bladder," but others incline to the belief that it serves to maintain a connection—not at all unnecessary—between the disused rooms of the house and the living tenant of its largest apartment.

If the shell of the pearly nautilus is thus essentially a different structure from that of the argonaut—being, moreover, a true shell, in that it is formed by the mantle—no less widely different is its possessor, not merely from the argonaut, but from all other living cuttle-fishes. Thus the pearly nautilus, still a rare animal in our museums, has numerous arms, but no suckers; other cuttles have suckers, but never more than ten arms, as one may see by counting the arms of the common squid, so often cast up on our coasts, and which every fisherman prizes as a bait. Then, also, the pearly nautilus possesses no ink sac, wherewith the other cuttles darken the water and make their escape from impending danger and threatening foes. And in respect of its gills it exhibits a superiority in number, in that it possesses four of these organs, whilst its neighbors have but two. Like "the last of the Mohicans," the pearly nautilus remains as the sole representative of a cuttle-fish family once widely diffused in the seas and oceans of this world. The shells, not merely of the nautilus itself, but of its extinct companions—of which the best known are the ammonites—are found plentifully in a fossil state in many of the oldest rocks, as well as in more recent formations. But of these latter matters, connected with the past history of the cuttle-fish race, it is the geologist's business to speak. For the present, we may close this record of cuttle-fish character in some of its less familiar aspects; but those of our readers who may be tempted to stray further into such pastures zoological may be certain that there are few more interesting questions, and few which contain more important considerations in the answer, than that with which we began our recital—"What is a nautilus?"

THE AVERY INSTITUTE.

The Avery Institute is a colored Normal School of a high grade, located in Charleston, South Carolina. It received its name from the noted Pittsburgh philanthropist Charles Avery—a man whose name deserves the grateful love of the whole race for whom he did so much. Charles Avery was born in Westchester County, New York, in 1784. For many years he was a cotton manufacturer, which business was the basis of his great wealth, although he subsequently increased it very much by investments in the copper regions of Lake Superior. Indeed, he was among the first to perceive the wonderful richness of that district, and in company with Messrs. Howe, Hussey, and others sunk the first shaft for copper in all that region.

His wealth rapidly increased, and the most of it was dedicated to the elevation and education of the negro race, although he was a large and constant giver to the poor of all sections and all races. He erected in Alleghany City, on his own grounds, and exclusively at his own expense, the commodious college for negroes which now bears his name, the design of which was to furnish a complete college course to the colored students. He left a fortune of nearly eight hundred thousand dollars, almost all of which was given to benevolent objects; and he certainly disbursed an equal sum in public and private charity while living.

The institute in Charleston to which he gives the name was first opened in October, A.D. 1865, General Rufus Saxton assigning for its use the State Normal Building of Charleston. It commenced with one thousand pupils and a corps of twenty teachers, four-fifths of the pupils being freedmen who had never been to any school, and who were quite ignorant. The end of the first scholastic year showed a progress which was highly encouraging to the friends of the freedmen. But in spite of the support of some of the most intelligent citizens, the opposition to it was so powerful that the building was taken away from the projectors, and the children turned adrift.

They were soon regathered in the Military Hall, and the spacious building that had hitherto only heard the clash of weapons, and the drill of soldiers intended to perpetuate slavery, now heard daily the patient efforts of freedmen, women, and children striving to acquire the knowledge which would make them worthy of the great boon the Union had bestowed upon them.

In Wentworth Hall the school remained two years, steadily raising its standard of excellence and widening its curriculum, and on May 1, 1868, it was transferred to a large and handsome building on Bull Street, and its name changed from the "Saxton School" to the "Avery Institute." On page 864 will be found a picture of the building.

At first there was a corps of twenty teachers—ten Northern whites and ten Southern blacks; but the second year these were reduced to eight white and eight black; and the third year, the school having quite assumed the condition of a Normal School—which was the object and hope of its organization—the principal had but eight assistants. These, however, were all Northern teachers of very superior attainments and large experience. Its first principal was the Rev. F. L. Cardoza, but in 1868 Mr. Cardoza was elected Secretary of State, and resigned the charge of Avery Institute. He was succeeded by Mr. Warren, of Connecticut, who in 1874 was elected principal of the State Normal School of South Carolina, and retired from Avery. Since then its principals have been selected by the American Missionary Association of New York city; for it is to be noticed that the institute is supported mainly by this association. They pay three-fourths of its expenses, the deficiency being met by the charge of one dollar per month from those pupils who are able to pay it; and there is no expense the Charleston negro meets with greater pride and pleasure than his school fee.

The school contains a Primary Department of two divisions, a Grammar Department of three divisions, and a Normal Department, consisting of Junior, Middle, and Senior classes, the latter including a classical course. Those who desire it, or who show special talents, have also competent instruction in modern languages, music, and drawing.

The graduating class of 1879 consisted of nine young women and five young men, all of whom, excepting two, are among the group resting after the dumb-bell chorus. It is worthy of remark that Avery Institute has lived down prejudice and opposition, and that this year the Commencement exercises were witnessed with a pleasant enthusiasm by the most prominent white and black citizens of Charleston. The hall in which they were held was beautifully decorated with flags and flowers, and the musical efforts of the different classes were received with great delight and astonishment.

Zeline M. Mitchell, a young girl who took four prizes, and whose scholarship ranked ninety-five per cent., delivered an excellent valedictory address. Next to her was Charles J. Smith, who ranked eighty-eight per cent., and who delivered the salutatory. In Latin, Edward Corbett and Beulah Gibbs received diplomas.

Through bitter opposition, passive scorn, and cold indifference, Avery Institute has won its way to local recognition and respect. This is a good sign for the future, and the founders of Avery may hopefully expect the day when the communities blessed with these educational safeguards and advantages will not only give them their respect, but also the weight of their social influence and the aid of their pecuniary support.

RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.

On page 864 will be found a sketch of the fatal railroad accident which occurred on the morning of October 10 on the Michigan Central, near Jackson Junction, in that State, by which eighteen persons were killed and thirty-one wounded. The Pacific Express train, bound west, which left Detroit forty minutes late, came in collision with a switch engine on the main track at Jackson, telescoping the baggage and express cars, and piling the remaining coaches, eleven in number, on top of each other. The first coach was filled with emigrants, most of whom were killed or seriously injured. Many occupants of the other coaches were killed or seriously wounded. The accident was caused by the action of the yard-master at the junction, who ordered some freight cars to be switched upon the main line, although the Pacific Express train was due. He supposed that there was time to get the freight cars out of the way, as the express had started from Detroit so far behind time. The lost time had been made up, however, and the freight cars had hardly moved upon the track when the collision took place. The engineer and fireman of the express train were literally torn to pieces in the wreck.

A MILD SLAVE-HUNT.

Mr. John T. Butler, of Hamburg, South Carolina, has come North with a pack of hounds, with which he proposes to show the manner in which runaway slaves were formerly hunted, and convicts are still pursued in the South. He asserts that an exaggerated impression prevails at the North respecting the cruelty of this practice, and his exhibitions are intended to make money, and also to illustrate his claim that the purpose of using the hounds was simply to find and detain the fugitives, without injuring them. He has brought with him a negro named Sam, who is willing to play the runaway, and a sturdy little sorrel mare, whose speed is to give him an advantage over the hounds.

His first exhibition was given recently at Fleetwood Park. Sam mounted the mare, and rode down the hill on which the spectators sat, to the judges' stand, where he dismounted, and started to run at a pace that would win him a place in a short-distance foot-race. He ran about a quarter of a mile just inside the race track, and then rushed in behind some bushes. Mr. Butler called his hounds by sounding an old cow-horn, and started them in pursuit by a kind of "cat-call." Catching the scent quickly, they followed, baying loudly, and were lost to sight. The negro re-appeared from the bushes, and running quickly to the fence, remounted the mare, and galloped around the course. The dogs came behind, at a considerable distance, taking his exact course; but when they came to where the negro had remounted, they were puzzled. In trying to recover the scent, they got across the former trail, and gave up the hunt. Mr. Butler had said before the trial that the high wind and dry ground would make it difficult to give a satisfactory exhibition on that day.

Sam then came up with the pack, and again started, mounted from the beginning this time, with the pack at his heels, and an exciting chase took place around the course, with odds in favor of the mare. She increased her lead all the way around. Reaching the gate, Sam consented to be "treed," and mounting the high gate-post, awaited the hounds. When they found him, they redoubled their noise, and leaped high into the air, trying to reach the negro, who beat them off with his whip, until Mr. Butler came up and sounded his horn, at which the barking ceased as by magic, and the fugitive came down. Mr. Butler said the dogs would have bitten the negro, well as they knew him, had he descended before the horn sounded, unless he had a club with which to beat them off. The moral seemed to be that a runaway slave must be careful to have a tree handy when the dogs overtake him, or, if he is caught in a swamp, he should be able to cut a hickory stick in season.

The absurdity of this exhibition as an illustration of a real slave-hunt is well hit off in Mr. Nast's cartoon on our first page.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

About five years ago a tunnel was commenced under the Hudson River for the purpose of connecting Jersey City with New York. The main end in view was to enable the Western railways to bring their passengers and freight directly to this city. The Hudson Tunnel Company, however, was for a long time prevented from going on with its work by various legal contentions among the railroad companies, but recently these obstacles have been so far removed that active operations have been resumed. This tunnel, it is estimated, will cost $10,000,000, but the commercial advantages will be very great. It is to be 12,000 feet long—about one mile being under the river—and its greatest depth under water is to be about sixty feet. The walls of the tunnel are to be constructed of the best hard brick and cement, and it will be twenty-six feet wide, twenty-four high, and lighted with gas. A vertical shaft is now being sunk in Jersey City, and the boring of the tunnel will begin at the depth of about sixty-five feet.

A new undertaking has lately been organized by some enterprising citizens—the combination of a large place of amusement with a conservatory and zoological garden on St. Nicholas Avenue. Land has been purchased, and surveys made, and plans to a certain extent perfected. The main edifice will front on St. Nicholas Avenue and One-Hundred-and-Fifty-Fifth Street, and will include an immense concert hall, a correspondingly large restaurant, observatory, bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms, etc., etc. It is proposed also to erect a mammoth glass and iron arcade, dividing it into shops of various kinds. The grounds are to be beautifully laid out, and the display of plants and animals the finest obtainable. In short, it is claimed that this garden will combine a wonderful amount of instruction and amusement for the public, and that it can be easily reached by railway and steamboat.

The *Huascar*, a powerful iron-clad belonging to the Peruvian navy, was lately captured by the Chilian fleet off Magallanes, on the Bolivian coast. The *Huascar* has been in many sea-fights, and was regarded by the Peruvians as invincible. Some months ago the *Independencia*, a companion war vessel, ran aground near Iquique, having been led into shallow water in an encounter with the enemy, and in order that the Chilians might not get possession of her, she was blown up by her own officers. The capture of the *Huascar* is a great disaster to Peru.

A strong evidence of the decline of idolatry in China is the fact that many of the temples, once regarded most sacred, are now offered for sale, and many idols have been sold for the value of the metals of which they are composed. "The Altar to Heaven," one of the grandest of the temples at Pekin, which was once guarded and kept in order with the most religious care, is now rapidly falling into decay from neglect.

Some remarkable prices have been paid for horses in the United States, but it is only for trotters that these fabulous sums are given. The following figures are mentioned by the New York *Times*: "Mr. Bonner paid $40,000 for Pocahontas, $36,000 for Rarus, $33,000 for Dexter, $20,000 for Startle, $16,000 for Edwin Forrest, and $15,000 for Grafton. Mr. Smith, of New Jersey, paid $35,000 for Goldsmith Maid, $32,000 for Jay Gould, $30,000 for Lady Thorne, $25,000 for Lucy, and $17,000 for Tattler. Mr. Vanderbilt paid $21,000 for Maud S., and $10,000 for Lysander Boy. The largest sum ever paid for a horse in England, where they have no trotters, was close on to $72,000, paid for Doncaster by the Duke of Westminster."

A dangerous counterfeit twenty-dollar legal-tender note, issue of 1878, letter C, is in circulation. The line engraving is somewhat blurred; the words "Register of the Treasury," under Allison's signature, are crooked—almost a curve. Also the words "Treasurer of the United States," under the Treasurer's signature, are irregular. Hamilton's coat is dark and blurred. The inks and paper are almost perfect. It is a very dangerous bill, and made by a new process.

Eleven of the original thirty-five contestants for the O'Leary belt continued their walk until the last evening of the match. Nine made 450 miles or more; and Nicholas Murphy, of Haverstraw, took the first prize of $5000, and the belt, with a record of 505 miles. Howard, who received the second prize of $2000, accomplished 500 miles; Faber was third, with 488 miles; and Briody fourth, with 475 miles.

The display of the products of American invention and industry at the fair in the American Institute Building, Sixty-third Street and Third Avenue, is regarded as one of the best which has been made during the forty-eight years of the Institute's existence.

The Mikado of Japan has given a banquet in honor of the arctic explorer Nordenskjöld.

The Norristown *Herald* will have its joke. It says: "The Messrs. Harper have published a beautiful illustrated book for children, entitled *What Mr. Darwin Saw*. It is not necessary to read the book. We'll tell you what he saw—and thereby hangs a tail. Looking away back in the dim vista of the past, thousands of years before the era of walking matches, dime novels, and other evidences of civilization, Mr. Darwin saw our forefathers and foremothers gracefully suspended from the limbs of trees by their caudal appendages. He saw that convenient narrative gradually wear away and disappear, and its owners develop into perfect men, women, polo-players, and Yazoo murderers. *That* is what Mr. Darwin saw." We will not say that Mr. Darwin did *not* see the above-mentioned sight, though we have observed no record of it in the book referred to; but he certainly does tell of many other curious things which he saw that will be quite as interesting to children as our "forefathers and foremothers."

Wonderful accounts come from Lourdes concerning numerous miracles apparently due to the virtue of the holy waters in the famous grotto. Cripples walk, the blind see, the sick are cured. But one miracle has not been properly chronicled, and these are the facts: A paralytic, in an easy-chair, had been placed on the pilgrim train. At one of the railway stations there was a change of carriages, and it happened that the easy-chair, with the paralytic in it, had just been put down on the line, when a train running from the opposite direction was suddenly seen bearing right down upon it. There was a general stampede, and a cry of terror; everybody thought the paralytic must be killed, when, to the intense astonishment of all witnesses, he was seen to rise from his arm-chair and walk off briskly, just in time to escape the train. The mere thought of the holy waters seems to have been sufficient to cure this pilgrim.

A great fire is reported to have occurred in the French concession of Shanghai, by which nearly one thousand buildings were destroyed.

Switzerland seems to become more and more a favorite resort for travellers. This year no less than 1,400,000 visitors have enjoyed its romantic and charming scenery—a number which exceeds by several thousands the average of the last four years.

An exchange remarks that "no American book of late has received more favorable notices in the English papers than Jennie J. Young's *Ceramic Art*."

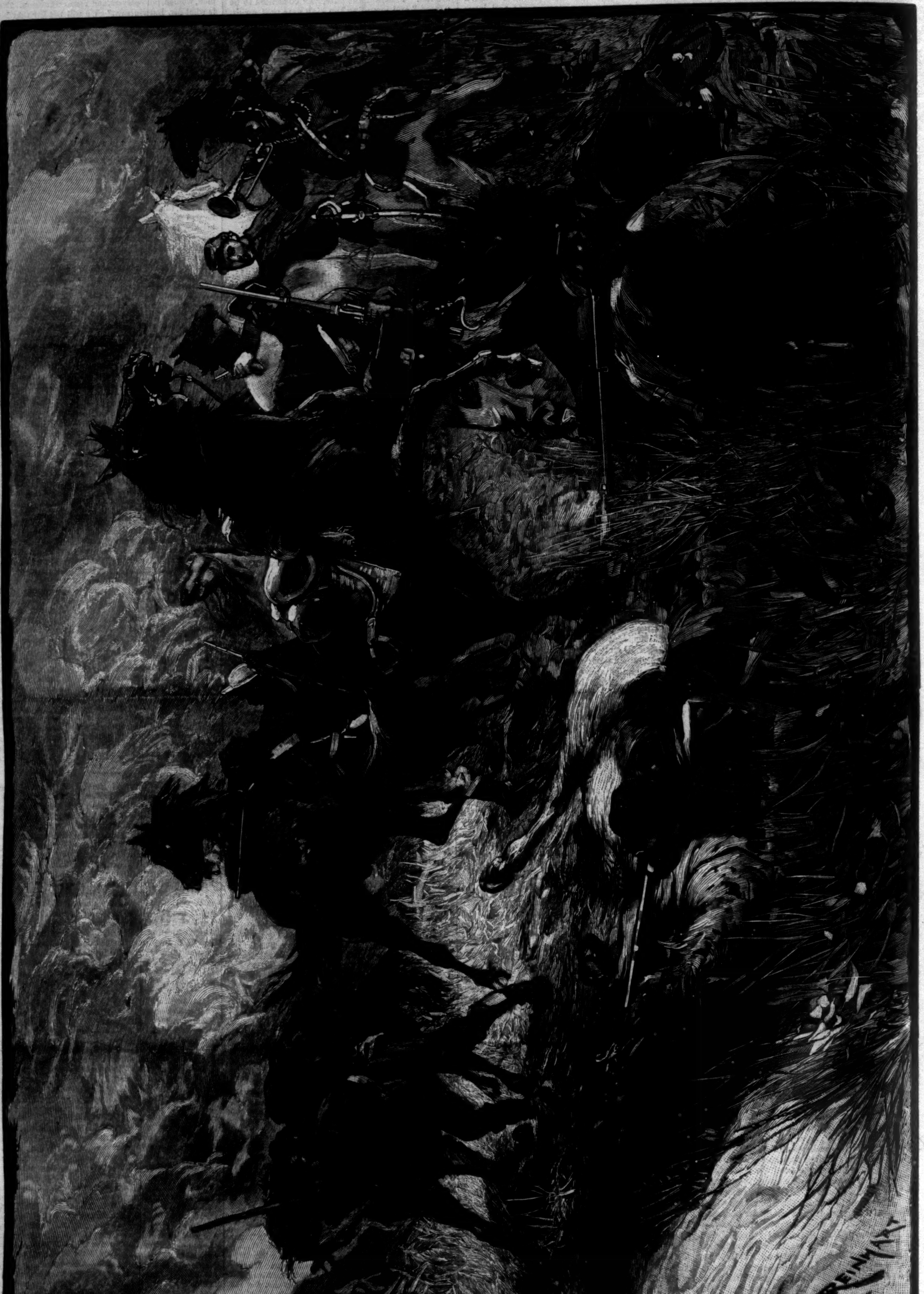
A death, attended with singular circumstances, has attracted much attention in North Haven, Connecticut. A young lady afflicted with neuralgia was treated by her physician with small doses of a solution of morphine in water, and much relieved. She discontinued the medicine at night, and although better in the morning, kept her bed. During the forenoon she was found in an insensible condition, and all efforts to restore her proved fruitless. It was discovered that the glass containing the solution of morphine—which stood on the table near her bed, and with it a glass of water—was empty. And it is supposed that feeling thirsty, she took the wrong glass, and drank the whole of the drug. At the time appointed for the funeral the body exhibited signs of life to the friends, and the burial was postponed. Life was evidently extinct, however, and a week after her death, mortification having ensued, the body was consigned to the grave.

The land problem in Ireland is a difficult one. It is not easy to know how wide-spread is the anti-rent agitation now raging, nor whether it will subside or increase during the next coming months. The whole land system in Ireland is bad, yet general improvements in it can scarcely be brought about without serious difficulties.

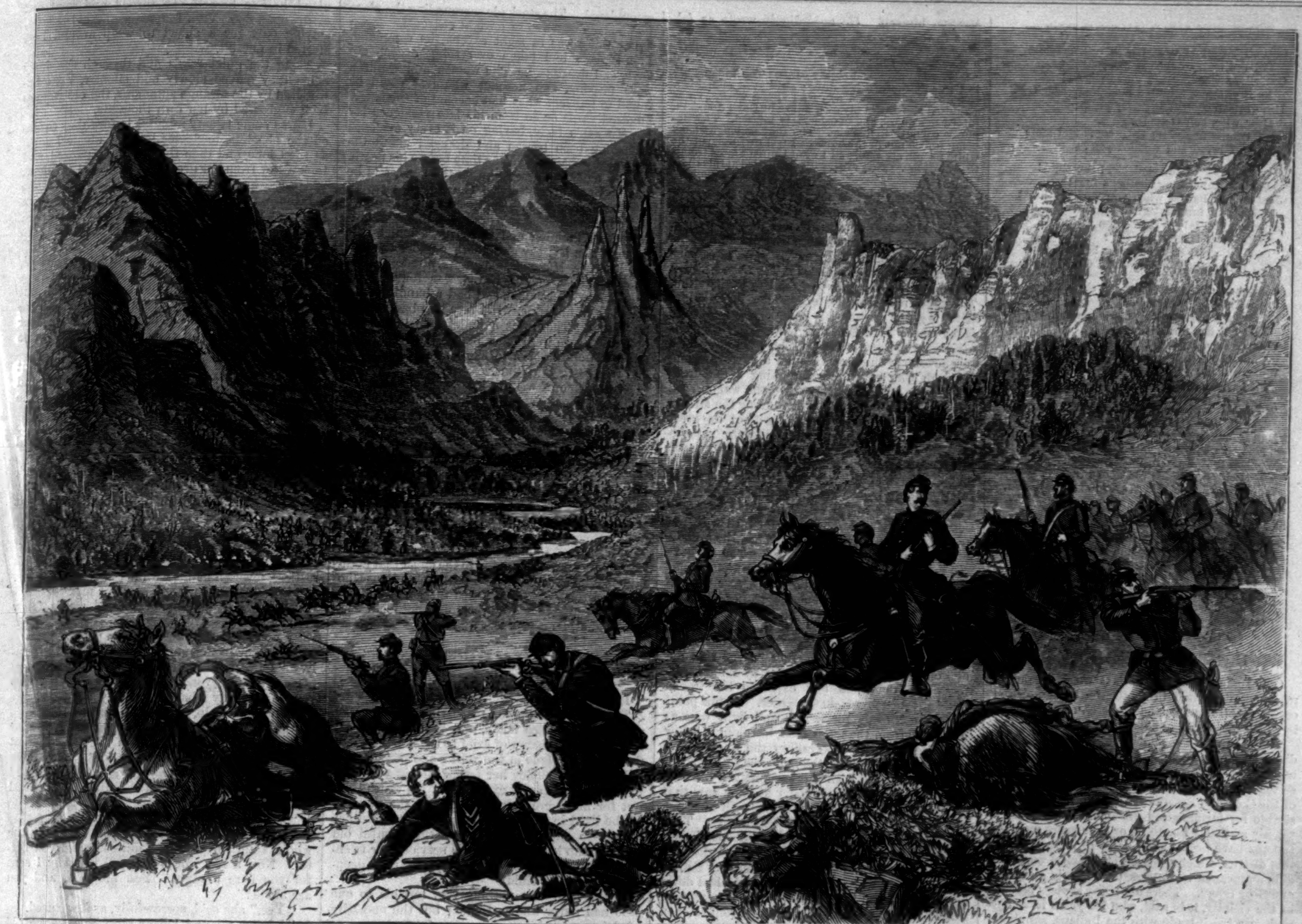
The Marquis of Sligo, whose agents have recently been assailed, is one of the largest proprietors in point of acreage in Northwestern Ireland; but as much of his estates is morass, his receipts are not very large. His seat, Westport House, is close beside a pretty town of that name, and his charming grounds are free to all comers. The present marquis is an easy-tempered, kindly, and most agreeable man of about fifty-five, who has been singularly unlucky in marriage, having lost two charming wives within a year or two of his marriage. He last year married a third. In politics he is a Liberal.

The seventieth annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, opening at Syracuse on October 7, was an occasion of special interest in the religious world. This society, the oldest of all foreign missionary boards in the United States, originated in 1810 from a private society formed two years previously in Williams College. A brief résumé of the work of the board is taken from the treasurer's report, as follows: "The board has received and expended from the beginning about $17,000,000; has organized not far from 350 native churches, with about 83,000 communicants; has sent out 550 ordained missionaries and about 250 unmarried lady missionaries; has reduced to writing twenty-six languages; has issued in forty-six languages upward of 2300 different educational and religious publications; and has had under instruction more than 400,000 pupils." The general summary shows a total of 678 mission stations and out-stations, and 1554 missionaries, pastors, and helpers. During the year thirteen new churches were organized, 700 young men, most of them preparing to become preachers and teachers, were gathered in the higher institutions of learning, and about 1200 young women in seminaries and boarding-schools have enjoyed Christian instruction.

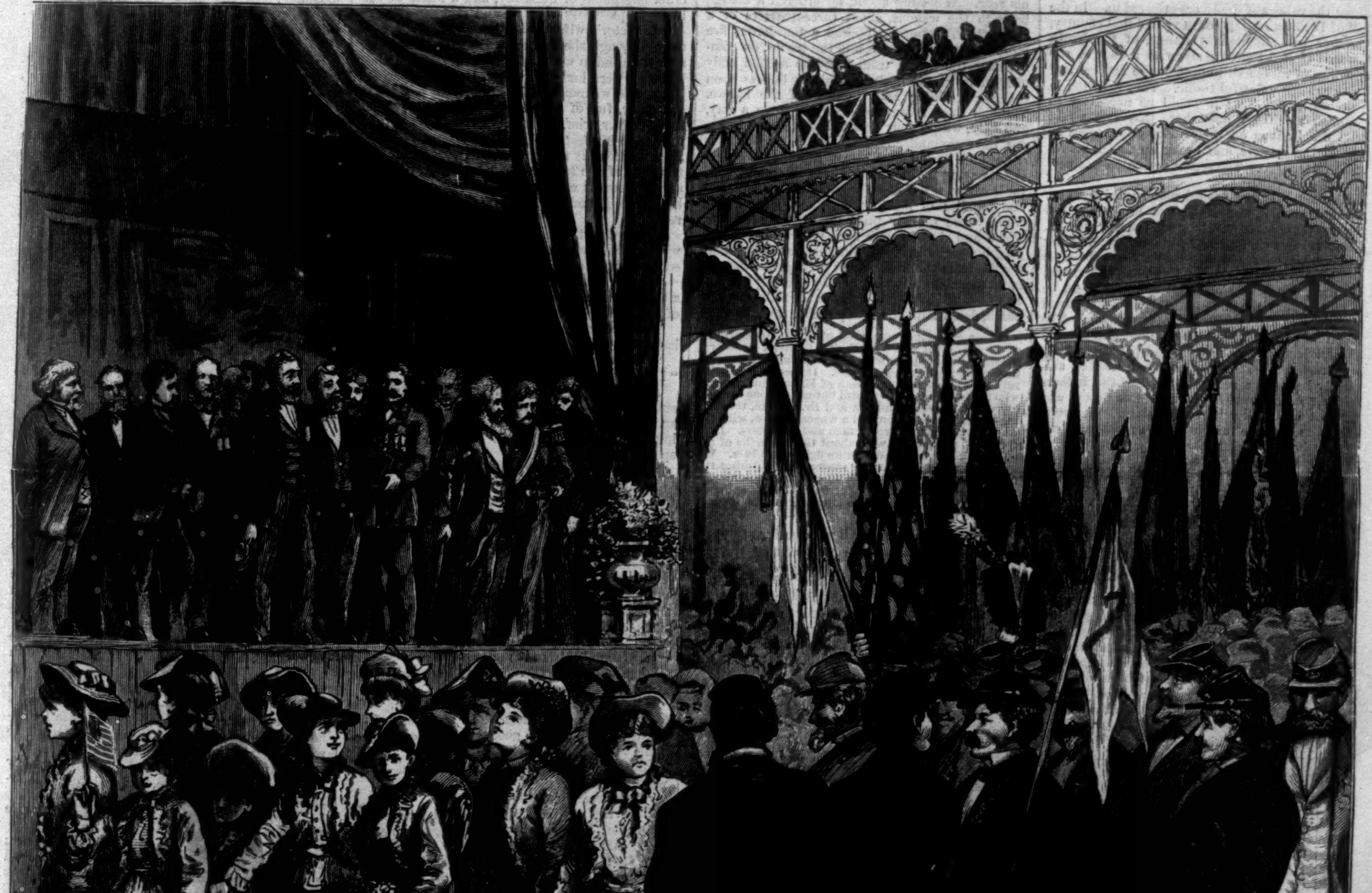
Some interesting facts have been made public respecting the amount of internal revenue collected during the last fiscal year, and the cost of collecting. The whole amount of internal revenue collected was $113,561,610, and the cost of collection $3,527,956. The total receipts were $2,462,984 greater than for the previous year. The law reducing the tax on tobacco did not go into effect soon enough to cause any material reduction in the revenue. The cost of collecting the revenue was $728,454 less in 1879 than in 1878. The average cost of collection throughout the whole country was a trifle over three per cent., although the cost of collecting in the eleven States that seceded was more than twice that amount. A few figures will indicate the percentage in different States. South Carolina paid $108,782, and the cost of collection was $39,535; while Nebraska paid $877,297, and the cost of collection was only $15,883. Alabama paid $129,815, cost $29,890; while in Connecticut, which paid $520,330, the cost of collection was only $30,640. In Kentucky the cost of collection per $100 was about fourteen times as great as in New York. In Mississippi the amount collected was $88,249, and the cost $20,735; in Maine the amount was $306,685, and the cost only $16,725. Tennessee paid $912,850, and the cost of collection was $105,504; while in Michigan the amount paid was $1,657,071, and the cost of collection only $41,957. The revenue paid by all of the eleven States which seceded amounted to $11,627,080. Illinois, New York, and Ohio each paid more than this whole sum: Illinois paid $19,499,914, New York, $15,450,419, and Ohio $15,919,756. The cost of collection in these three States was as follows: Illinois, $206,526; New York, $252,422; Ohio, $196,433.



THE UTE WAR—THE COLORED TROOPS FIGHTING THEIR WAY INTO THE BELEAGUERED CAMP.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 870.]



THE UTE WAR—MAJOR THORNBURGH'S LAST CHARGE.—From a Sketch by H. Vielé.—[See Page 870.]



MEETING OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC IN PHILADELPHIA.—From a Sketch by F. H. Taylor.—[See Page 874.]

THE SILVER WEDDING.

COME, wife, sit here, and we'll rest awhile
Till the merry dance is o'er;
Our silver wedding has made me feel
As if youth were mine once more.
I've quite forgotten my fifty years:
Dear wife, can it be true
That twenty-five years have come and gone
Since I loved and wedded you?

Our daughter there—God bless the child!
For she carries her mother's face:
Just so you looked when you won my heart
With your innocent girlish grace.
How fair she is!—What? bless my soul!
Wife, what is that you say?
"Our little girl has given her heart
To that rascal"—young John Grey?

Coaxed mother to tell me, did she, eh?
Well, wife, it never can be;
I'll never consent—you hear me, wife?—
Just tell her that from me.
What is it you ask?—"If long ago
Your father had answered nay,
What would I have done?" H'm, well, I think
I'd have—married you anyway!

"Judge John by myself," you say? Ah, well,
The boy's a good fellow enough;
But I don't encourage this falling in love,
And this courting, and all such stuff.
What is it you ask me?—"Have I enjoyed
This silver wedding?" There, there!
When a woman attacks the weak side of a man,
The game—is hardly fair.

Well, because of our silver wedding, wife
(Dear, dear, how fast time flies!),
I can't say no to the child we love,
The girl with her mother's eyes.
So here's a kiss for the bride you were,
And one for the wife you are,
And another to crown this happy night,
Of which you are the brightest star!

FIGHTING THE UTES.

OUR Indian sketches of last week are admirably supplemented in this issue by a spirited cartoon by **REINHART**, and a sketch of the charge in which Major **THORNBURGH** lost his life.

The origin of the difficulties with the Ute Indians seems to have lain in the fact that this tribe, like the Cheyennes, could not content themselves upon their reservation. The country north of the Colorado Reservation is said to be very desirable for farming and grazing purposes, and is thickly settled. For three or four years past the Indians have been in the habit of intruding into this district, which practice has caused considerable annoyance to settlers, particularly on Snake and Bear rivers. There are many lawless persons in the vicinity, it is said, who for years have carried on a brisk trade with the Indians, supplying them with whiskey and ammunition, causing constant complaints to the Indian Office. Depredations have also been committed by the Indians along the valleys of the rivers referred to. In the fall of 1877 Agent **DANFORTH** visited that country, together with Lieutenant **PARKE**, of the Ninth Cavalry, United States army, with a view to the adoption of measures to protect the settlers and break up this unlawful traffic. They reported in September, 1877, that it would be necessary to establish a military post there, that this would keep the Indians on their reservation, serve to protect the settlers, and break up the unlawful trade referred to. The recommendation was never complied with.

At about this time a gentleman named **MEEKER**, not unknown in the newspaper world, received the appointment of agent among the Ute Indians. He found them refractory, and entirely unwilling to abandon their old habits and settle down to anything resembling agriculture. Mr. **MEEKER**, however, was determined that the soil should be cultivated, but the first ploughman who turned the sod was shot by Chief **DOUGLAS**'s son. The agent still persisted in his resolution, and secured the services of a rival chief, and presently order was restored. This occasioned a terrible animosity between a certain portion of the Indians and the agency, and Mr. **MEEKER** felt that at any time an outbreak might take place. The state of affairs was one that justified considerable apprehension, yet a general uprising on the part of the Indians, though constantly threatening, seemed not to occur, and a feeling of comparative security was finally entertained.

In July last the Utes showed unusual symptoms of discontent, and Governor **PITKIN** telegraphed to the Secretary of the Interior that the Indians were burning timber. He also stated that if they were not immediately stopped by the government, the citizens of Colorado would take the matter in their own hands. The Secretary immediately directed Agent **MEEKER** to call in the Indians engaged in these depredations, and, if necessary, to secure military assistance. The idea of the Indians in burning the timber, it is said, was to concentrate game, in order that it might be killed with less difficulty. Agent **MEEKER**, however, succeeded only temporarily in stopping the destruction of woodland. Subsequently, in the same month, a party of Utes destroyed, in the vicinity of Middle Park, some property, together with a tract of timber. For the purpose of arresting the party engaged in the work of destruction, Governor **PITKIN** dispatched the sheriff with a posse to the White River Agency. Chief **DOUGLAS**, of the White River Utes, protested against the entrance of the posse to the agency, which fact was reported to the Indian Bureau. Agent **MEEKER** was then instructed to cause the arrest of the guilty parties. In attempting to carry out this order he incurred the ill-will of the Indians.

By the beginning of September matters were in such an inflamed condition that the agent determined to hesitate no longer about sending for troops. It was impossible to go on with the farming operations, and violence was not only offered to the employés of the agency, but even to Mr. **MEEKER** himself. He accordingly wrote as follows to the Governor:

> "WHITE RIVER AGENCY, *September* 10, 1879.
>
> "*To Governor Pitkin:*
>
> "We have ploughed eighty acres. The Indians object to any more being done; shall stop ploughing. One of the ploughmen was shot at last week. I was assaulted Monday in my own house by Chief **JOHNSON**, forced out doors, and considerably injured. The employés came to the rescue. The Indians laugh at my being forced out of the house. I feel that none of the white people are safe, and I want United States troops to protect me. They are positively needed at this time.
>
> "N. C. **MEEKER**, Agent."

In response to this demand from the agent, gallant Major **THORNBURGH**, whose portrait and a sketch of whose life were given in the last *Weekly*, was sent upon the expedition wherein he met his fate. In command of three companies of cavalry and one of infantry he made his way from Rawlins to the northern boundary of the Ute Reservation. The wagon road from the former place to the White River Agency crosses this boundary at about the point where Milk Creek is met. Milk Creek is a narrow, shallow stream, which here flows in a southwesterly direction through a narrow cañon. Through this cañon, after making a detour to avoid some very difficult ground, the wagon road passes for three or four miles. Along the stream is a growth of cottonwood-trees; but its great advantage as an ambuscade lies in the narrowness of the cañon, which is confined by steep hills rising on either side, those on the west being 500, 600, 800, and, lower down, 1000 feet high. On the night before reaching this point, Major **THORNBURGH** had been urged by two Ute chiefs, **COLORAL** and Ute **JACK**, to go forward with but five men. This he refused to do, and the Indians left the camp in an angry mood. The advance was resumed in the morning, and caution seems to have been observed. So great were the advantages offered by the close-together cliffs of Milk Creek Cañon to a lurking foe, that every precaution was taken to see if the Indians were in ambush there without exposing the command of 160 men. A reconnoissance proved that the hills on either side were covered by Indian warriors, who doubtless had expected the troops would advance to certain slaughter. At this point a trail practicable for horses and light wagons breaks off from the main road, to rejoin it below Milk Creek Cañon. Corralling the wagons, Major **THORNBURGH**, under the guidance of the scout **RANKIN**, advanced with a detachment of his men along this trail. The Indians at once saw that their ambush was discovered, but with boldness and cunning at once changed their tactics. They saw that **THORNBURGH** had divided his forces. Accordingly, those in ambush nearest to the trail crossed the hills and appeared suddenly in **THORNBURGH**'s front, while the remainder dashed down between him and the wagon train. **THORNBURGH** waited, it seems, for the Utes in his front to open fire, and then replied. He was about to make head against them when he discovered that the Indians had outflanked him, and were already in his rear. Wheeling about, he ordered a charge back to the wagons, about three-quarters of a mile off. The Indians poured a murderous fire into the retreating force, and the troops, on coming near the wagon train, met the second body of Indians, who were already raining bullets upon the corral, killing and running off the horses. Through these it was necessary to force a way, and here, within four hundred yards of the wagons, the commander fell.

Captain **PAYNE**, now in command, at once set about having the wounded horses shot, to be used for breastworks, dismantling the wagons of boxes and bundles of bedding, corn and flour sacks, which were quickly piled up for fortifications. Picks and shovels were used vigorously for digging intrenchments. While this was being done, the fire from the Indians was galling, but the gallant troops stood it well, and by evening Captain **PAYNE** found leisure to prepare the following dispatch, dated Milk River, September 29, 8.30 P.M.:

> "This command, composed of three companies of cavalry, was met a mile south of Milk River by several hundred Ute Indians, who attacked and drove us to the wagon train with great loss. It becomes my painful duty to announce the death of Major **THORNBURGH**, who fell in harness, the painful but not serious wounding of Lieutenant **PADDOCK** and Dr. **GRIMES**, the killing of ten enlisted men and a wagon-master, with the wounding of about twenty men and teamsters. I am corralled, near water, with about three-fourths of my animals killed, after a desperate fight since 12 M. We hold our position. I shall strengthen it during the night, and believe we can hold out until re-enforcements reach us, if they are hurried. Officers and men behaved with the greatest gallantry. I am also slightly wounded in two places."

As soon as this dispatch was received by Brigadier-General **CROOK**, who was at that time in Chicago, orders were sent to General **MERRITT**, at Fort Russell, to go with 550 men to the relief of Captain **PAYNE**. As soon as possible these troops were under way, and reached the vicinity of **PAYNE**'s camp on Monday, October 6. After a brief engagement with the Indians, who were compelled to retreat, General **MERRITT** succeeded in relieving Captain **PAYNE**.

The welcome given to the troops by the camp was rapturous. They had been six days under the fire of the Indians, and relief had not come too soon. Before their arrival, however, **PAYNE** had been most gallantly succored by a colored company of forty-five men of the Ninth Cavalry, under Captain **DODGE**. His company had come down Bear River, past Steamboat Springs, the preceding Friday and night, and learning of **THORNBURGH**'s fight and **PAYNE**'s situation, resolved to get to **PAYNE**'s side at every hazard. In their attempt they were met by the besieging Utes, who turned upon them with a fire so hot that they were compelled to dismount. In the course of the subsequent engagement this brave colored company lost every horse but two.

General **MERRITT** advanced on the agency Saturday, October 11. On his way he encountered many dead bodies. The agency itself presented a most appalling sight. All the buildings except one had been destroyed by fire, and the ruins still smouldered. The stockade surrounding the place was a blackened line of upright charcoal. Not a living thing was in sight except the command. The Indians had taken everything except the flour, and decamped. The women and children were missing, and nothing whatever could be found to indicate what had become of them. A hundred yards or so from his late residence lay Mr. **MEEKER**'s body, having on it every evidence of having been beaten and dragged about the grounds by chains for some time before his death. A blow had been given him on the head, and he was stripped of clothing. The corpses were almost unrecognizable. The dead body of Mr. W. H. **POST**, Agent **MEEKER**'s assistant, was found between the building and the river, a bullet hole through the left ear and another under the ear. He, like Mr. **MEEKER**, was entirely naked. Another employé, named **EATON**, was found dead. He was stripped naked, and had a bundle of paper bags in his arms. His face was badly eaten by wolves. There was a bullet hole in his left breast. There were other bodies lying near, but these examples serve to show how the savages had treated their victims.

At the time of writing it is supposed that the Indians have retreated southward, and it is expected that small bands will drop into the various agencies, and thus covering themselves, preclude all possibility of finding out who were the warriors who began the battle upon Major **THORNBURGH**. In the mean time the government is making every effort to punish the Utes. General **SHERIDAN** telegraphs from Chicago that when all the troops now *en route* between Rawlins and the White River Agency join General **MERRITT**, he will have a force of 1500 men. Instructions have also been sent from Washington to the effect that nothing must be left undone to punish the Indians who attacked the troops and killed the agent and his employés, and that only their unconditional surrender shall be accepted.

"WITH A SILVER LINING."

III.

IT was all over.

The funeral had taken place, the few necessary arrangements been made, and Vera awoke from the pain and lethargy of grief to the startling fact that she was alone in the world, and penniless.

What little money her father had just sufficed to pay the necessary expenses of his death-bed; but for her there was nothing save the cottage. If she lived in it, what was she to do to earn her bread—to support herself and the faithful old woman who had lived in their service over twenty years, and mourned her master's death as deeply almost as his child?

To be poor was nothing very terrible to one who had never known riches; but the necessity of doing something, of turning from dreams to work, from dependence on another to dependence on herself alone, at first fell upon her with the cruel sharpness of necessity, and a sense of the bitter helplessness of youth and womanhood.

The rector's wife advised her to become a governess, though she had so few accomplishments, and promised to write and interest friends on her behalf. Vera had never liked the fussy, patronizing little woman, and liked her still less when she came, full of advice and suggestions, to intrude on her grief.

Human interests and human sympathy seemed alike indifferent to her now. It was so terrible to think of the love she had lost, the sympathy and tenderness and care which had guarded her life so long, and were now forever fled beyond recall.

It was about a week after her father's death when, as she sat alone in the little parlor in the summer dusk, old Dorcas, the servant, entered.

"If you please, Miss Vera," she said, "there's a strange-looking body without who wants speech of you. She says she comes from the Glebe."

The girl raised her pale sad face from her hands.

"Tell her to come in here," she said, listlessly. "I will see her."

A moment after, an old, bent, witch-like woman entered—a woman with a brown wrinkled face, and hard fierce eyes, and long, bird-like, quivering fingers that clutched her ragged shawl as she spoke.

"You wished to see me?" said Vera, gently.

"He bade me come," mumbled the old creature, indistinctly. "He bade me haste and say he was ill—a-dying, he thinks. He would see you at once."

"Whom do you mean?" asked the girl, in wonder.

"My master—the miser, they call him. Ay, and a miser he is, sure enough, and gold heaped up there like dust, and he stinting and starving and hoarding all the time. But he is ill now—very ill. He would see you at once."

She mumbled and muttered the words in strange disjointed fragments as Vera sat gazing at her, half in wonder, half in fear.

"He lies a-dying," she repeated, as though she found some inward pleasure in the sound of the words; "and all the good gold heaped up, and none to gather—none to gather—kith and kin all dead and gone. Ah, it is a fine world—a fine world!"

"Is he really so ill?"

"He lies a-dying," she repeated. "He bade me come: he would have no doctor—none, only you. Are you coming?"

"Yes; I will follow you."

"Indeed, miss, and you don't go to that heathenish place at this time of night alone," interposed old Dorcas, who was still lingering near the door.

"Who will harm her, do you think?" chuckled the old crone. "Not he, the old miser—he is a-dying. Alack! the good gold! who will have it now?"

And nodding her head and muttering, half aloud, half to herself, she turned and went out of the open door, Vera following, and old Dorcas, staying only for a shawl to wrap around her, started in pursuit.

Along the quiet roads and through the dewy fields they moved slowly and silently, Vera bewildered by the strange summons, the old women each engrossed by her own thoughts.

It was some twenty minutes before they reached the obsolete, neglected-looking abode known as the Glebe, and then the old crone paused, and took a key from her dress and unlocked the door, which creaked hideously as it opened. Then she led the way up the weed-covered, moss-grown paths, and to the back entrance of the great, gloomy building, which was almost falling to pieces with long neglect.

Quite silently, and half awed by the weird, intense stillness that brooded everywhere, Vera and her companion followed. Through the old dim kitchen and dreary passages and carpetless rooms they passed, till at last, pointing to a door beneath which a faint ray of light streamed, the old woman bade Vera enter.

Whispering to Dorcas to remain outside but within call, the young girl opened the door, and moved quickly and almost noiselessly across the shadowy chamber.

It was a gaunt, musty, dreary room, very bare and very cold; even the summer heat that reigned without seemed chilled here, and Vera shivered as she stood beside the great funereal bedstead, and looked down on the withered face all gray with pain, and lined with the weariness of great age. He glanced up as the shadow fell across him.

"You have come?"

That was all his greeting. Vera touched his restless, feverish hands with her cool, slim fingers.

"Yes," she said; "you sent for me?"

"And you could humor an old man's fancy even in your grief?"

"I was sorry for you—are you very ill?"

"My hour has come, I suppose," he said, grimly. "I do not complain; I have already lived fifteen years beyond man's allotted span. Do you wonder why I have sent for you?"

"You need help, or nursing perhaps?"

"Help—nursing! No such woman's follies for me! No, girl, I sent for you for far different reasons. Let me look at you first. Ah! there is a change. The shadow has fallen, has it not?"

The pale lips quivered, the beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"Can you ask?" she said, sadly.

"I was a true prophet, you see. Well, on the whole, I am sorry—the gladness suited you better. Now a few words will tell you why I sent for you here to-night. You are poor, and you are alone?"

"Yes," she said, sorrowfully, as he paused.

"I know all, and I hear all, you see—the old miser is neither so blind nor so deaf as folks say. Well, you can be rich—ay, rich as any lady in the land; you can have everything your heart desires, everything that woman loves, if you will. Does the prospect allure you?"

"No."

"No?" He laughed his short, caustic laugh. "Well, you are different to most of your sex, then—for gold they would sell their very souls. Let me paint the other side of the picture. In the life before you, you will be poor, nameless, dependent, at the mercy of women more pitiless on the weak and dependent of their own sex than any man would have the heart to be you will drudge and slave and toil; you will miss all sympathy, kindness, forbearance; you will lose your beauty and your youth in the ceaseless effort to gain your daily bread—a life of hardships of which you can not dream and tortures you can not imagine opens out in your future. On the other hand, I would offer you peace, wealth, honor, the power to benefit others. Ah! that touches you, I see—the opportunity of doing endless good, of winning happiness, of bestowing it as you please. All this I give you with gold—for gold is the compeller of all things good and great, the key that unlocks all doors and opens them to fame, success, greatness. Nay, do not speak yet. I have neither kith nor kin; I will give all I have to you for no other reason save that your beauty and gladness attracted me long ago by their very contrast to my own decrepitude and hard-heartedness. I mean to make you my heiress; but first I place these two alternatives before you—poverty and degradation, or honor and wealth with but one condition attached."

"What is that?"

"Wait a moment. I wish I could paint the power you will inherit better than I do."

"Why did you not use it better yourself?" she interrupted. "If the gold was yours, had you not the power also?"

His face grew dark and stormy.

"My life turned to bitterness—my love to hate long since: ask no more. The condition with which I saddle this legacy is very simple. A woman young, fair, wealthy, as you will be, has the world at her feet—can choose her lovers where she will. Of all you may choose I withhold one—it is the sole condition attached to wealth that a queen might envy."

"Who is that one?" she asked, flushing hotly beneath his keen glance, and painfully embarrassed by a conversation so strange as this.

"He goes by the name of Keith Brandon. He was once my son."

She started as though a knife had stabbed her; every flush of color left her face. White and quivering and mute, she stood there with the strangeness and horror of those words thrilling through every fibre of her frame. "Your son? And you could wrong him thus?"

"I was wrong," said the old man, fiercely. "I should have said his mother was my wife. She married me for my gold—hence its curse; she never loved me; she turned my life into hell; she—"

"Oh, hush! hush!" sobbed the girl. "Indeed, you are wrong; she was maligned, slandered, and you believed too easily. Could a guilty mother bear such a son? Could his every memory of her be as fond and pure and tender as it is were she indeed what you believed? Oh, listen, and for once have mercy. I know him, he was here so short a time ago; all that old sad story of his youth and suffering I learned. Oh, if you could but see him, hear him, you would know you wrong him. If honor ever lived in mortal man, it lives in him!"

He stared at her aghast.

"What do you know?" he said. "How dare you champion one whose very name I abhor—whose mother's memory has poisoned all good, or glad, or holy things within me for thirty weary years!"

"I know him," the girl said, very gently. "I heard his story from his own lips."

"You know him? Are you mad?"

"He was here but a short time ago—surely you knew. The stranger whom you saw with me was called Keith Brandon: if that is your son's name, this stranger was your son."

"My son!"

He fell back on his pillow, the damp dew standing bead-like on his brow; his face gray with the ashen hues of death, and the fierce agony that was rending his heart.

"The draught—quick!" he gasped.

Vera seized the bottle to which he pointed, and poured out the quantity directed into a glass; very tenderly she supported him, and wiped the damp, cold sweats from his brow, and adjusted his pillows with a touch widely different from the old crone's rough handling. The draught revived him. The gray hues faded back, and were replaced by color more life-like. For some moments he rested back on the pillows with closed eyes and lips, his hands alone plucking restlessly at the quilt.

Suddenly he looked up at her.

"A good girl!" he muttered—"a good girl! If Heaven had sent me such a daughter, I might have been a different man."

"Heaven sent you a son," the girl answered, gently. "How have you played a father's part to him?"

"Peace!" he shouted, fiercely, as he raised himself again with sudden strength. "Peace, girl! What I did was right: I had proofs, every proof, she never loved me. No, it was for gold she cared—for gold. Ay, and I drove her forth to perish or not, as she pleased, while the gold for which she sold herself remained with me. I denounced her with its curse; I told her neither she nor her child should touch it. Ha! ha! it is mine still—mine!"

Vera shrank from him with sudden horror.

"Can you not turn your thoughts to softer things?" she asked. "Is a death-bed the time for anger—the place for revenge?"

"You are a good girl—yes," he muttered, in the old rambling way. "But is what you say true? Do you indeed know my son?"

"I know Keith Brandon, as I told you before."

"That man—that man," he went on, muttering, "with the bright, handsome eyes, the frank young face; he spoke to me once, so courteously, so kindly, and I—I for once was weak enough to wish he were my son."

"Will you not see him—hear his story yourself?" asked Vera, beseechingly. "I pray it now for your own sake, and for his. May I not send? I know where he lives."

"No—a thousand times no!" he shouted, fiercely, raising himself on the pillows, with the old angry light flashing into his hollow eyes once more. "If I saw him, I might believe—I should be again deceived. No, girl—no! As I have lived, so will I die—wifeless, childless. Let my will stand; the wealth is yours."

"I will not take it—not one single shilling of it all," said the girl, haughtily. "It is your son's by every right—by every law. To him does it justly belong. A poor recompense at best for a neglected youth, a toilsome, hopeless manhood, an alien name."

"You plead for him with rare eloquence," said the old man, with that strange, sarcastic smile curving his lips once more. "Well, remember it is in your power to beggar him. If you refuse my wealth, I shall not will it to him any the more. If you accept it, I withdraw my condition."

"Are you a man and can talk thus?" cried the girl, flushing and quivering with the shame and humiliation enforced upon her. "You must know that, with condition or not, it is equally impossible for any one to do him justice save yourself."

For she knew her undeclared lover well enough to be only too certain that her riches would be a barrier ten thousand times more formidable than his poverty, and that this hateful wealth could never come to him through her. And she was right.

With sudden tenderness she passed to the old man's side and bent over him. "Listen!" she said. "It is not for me to counsel or advise, for I am young and ignorant, and a woman; but this I must say. You tell me you are ill—dying. Well, can you die with your conscience burdened by a sin to one who is innocent and good? Can you meet your injured wife, and know that you have left in poverty and degradation and need her still more injured son; for he—what has he done that you should be so unforgiving? Think how, even if your son had erred, or your wife had wronged you, that One who suffered death at a traitor's hands bade us forgive until seventy times seven."

As her voice fell hushed and solemn across the silence of the dreary room, as the hot tears dimmed her sad young eyes with the intense pity and the intense longing that filled her soul, the old man's iron calm forsook him—the long-sealed fountain of softness and tenderness was broken up.

Down his furrowed cheeks the slow salt tears of age were silently coursing; into his heart some old forgotten memory crept of the wife he had loved, of the little babe whose innocent eyes had smiled on him, whose waxen fingers had touched his own.

"God forgive me!" he murmured, in sorrowful, broken words. "Perhaps I have wronged them both!"

When morning dawned it saw a great wrong rectified, a great sorrow healed. It saw father and son reconciled; it saw a wife's name honored and blessed by the dying breath of the man who for thirty years had wronged and doubted and neglected her; it saw two young lovers, hand in hand, kneeling beside that couch of pain until the sun rose in triumphant glory, and for both living and dead there dawned the peace of a perfect day.

AT THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

The air was very sharp at half-past six in the morning as I took my seat in the coach which runs from Grenoble to St. Laurent du Pont. Outside, the places were all taken, and within, the company was not so interesting as it usually is on the French highway: there were only an officer of engineers, lost in the contemplation of an ordnance survey; a school-boy, in the hideous postman dress, puffing away at his caporal cigarettes with a determination worthy of better tobacco; and the inevitable curé, whose attention was divided between his breviary and his snuff-box.

The offer of a cigar failed to draw out the officer, and a remark on the sharpness of the atmosphere only elicited a monosyllable from the curé, who probably still owed his breviary some thirty pages; so I betook myself to contemplating the scenery. In a minute we had rattled through the Porte de France beyond the glance of a hundred guns that threatened from the rock-built forts, and were out among the glorious mountains and vine fields of Dauphiné. At times along the straight road we raced some mounted trooper with his dispatches at his side; at times we passed some straggling village, whose inhabitants had long ere this gone out to work upon the hills; only the curs, whose repose upon their masters' thresholds our advent had disturbed, pursued us howling for a few hundred yards along our way; on and on through the same wide valley, where, ever in a line behind us, far as the eye could reach, an endless white road lay between the converging poplars.

Another village. We changed horses, and turned at last, losing the mountains of Grenoble behind a high ridge of rocks. They were miserable brutes, our three new horses, and a long steep hill was before us, so we all got out and walked. The weather was perfect. Spring had just returned with a charm of new beauty to these lovely lands; each bank beside the road was yellow with the flowers of Primavera; beyond, among the vines, almond-trees and cherry-trees were full of blossom; dark pine woods clung to the rocks behind, and as the eye gazed higher, drifts of snow lay deep under the black branches, and, above all, the white peaks climbed into the clouds. The snows were melting in the bright spring sun, and trickling down in countless streams from rock to rock, so that everywhere the sound of running water murmured through the fields. Why do so few travellers ever visit these fairy valleys of Dauphiné, and all the beauties of the Grésy-Vaudain?

But we have reached St. Laurent, and a four hours' drive in the crisp morning air reminds us that we have not breakfasted. A déjeuner at the Hôtel des Princes may not be an oversumptuous meal, but I have fared worse, and a leg of kid with champignons des montagnes is a passable dish. So, feeling at peace with all the world, like any well-fed animal, I paid the humble score, buckled on my knapsack, and started on foot to accomplish the nine kilometers which lie between St. Laurent and the Grande Chartreuse. Let no traveller who has a pair of legs be persuaded by the band of touts who will beset his path on starting, beseeching him to take their carriages, informing him that he will miss his way, that there are no sign-posts, and that the road is steep and bad. The way is perfectly easy to find, there are directions wherever paths branch off, and the road is so steep and bad that the ascent is made in half the time on foot.

The scenery on the way from Grenoble to St. Laurent is very grand, but this road which leads upward to the monastery is magnificent beyond all description. Beneath, a deep green torrent, torn into foam among the bowlders, goes roaring down the gorge; trees of all shapes and kinds cling to the overhanging rocks; and as one gazes up the sheer mountain-sides which rise in snowy whiteness beneath a deep blue sky, the forms and colors are too beautiful for words. It may be that here, far from the ways of men, St. Bruno's followers have found that the beauty of such scenes as these may make their vows of eternal self-denial less difficult to bear.

The monastery came upon me suddenly, after two hours' climbing, a mass of spires and gables set in a hollow of the hills, and all surrounded by a wide circling wall. Walking in the sun, I had not noticed how cold it had become, but the snow still lay round the convent; and it was early in the year to mount to a height of some four thousand feet above the sea.

I knocked at the gate, and a cheery old gray-bearded brother in the white robe of his order came out to greet me—a brother, for the fathers of the Chartreuse, with the exception of that one whose duty it is to look after strangers, have little or no intercourse with the rest of the world. He conducted me to the visitors' quarters, and pouring me out a glass of the golden liqueur in the dining-hall known as the Salle de Bourgogne, went off to take my card to the père coadjuteur. The only other stranger at this early season of the year was, like myself, an Englishman; and before long we were climbing together through deep snows toward St. Bruno's chapel, where was his first resting-place in these mountains. I had hardly time to make a hasty sketch before dinner, which was served at six o'clock in the Salle de Bourgogne. It was the day before Good-Friday, and my fellow-traveller was of the faithful, so I was the only one in all that holy house who sat down to enjoy a comfortable meal beside an English stove.

Meat is unknown at any time in the Chartreuse, but one does not miss it with the ample menu of vegetable soup, and omelet, fish with potatoes, macaroni, salad, dessert, and a bottle of excellent ordinaire. There was an odor of sanctity pervading the room, from the pictures to the butter, which is stamped with a cross and two flaming hearts. My meal was enlivened by the presence of the père coadjuteur, and we talked of many things: of Oxford, and of England, where his order is founding a new house, to be ready for an evil hour, should the republic abolish all monastic institutions. He was a little sorry, too, that I was not of his creed; there could but be one right way of thinking, and he knew he was right. "Study, study," he said, "and you will find it so." This charming man has been in the convent more than thirty years, and is perfectly happy.

"Would I attend matins at midnight?" he asked me. I would; and he promised to get me called, for bed-time was at nine o'clock. But as yet it was only seven, so with my English friend I went outside the walls to smoke. The heavy doors closed behind us, and we went out into the silence of a perfect night.

It haunts me still, the memory of that walk in the hushed hours among the pine forests, with the snow breaking crisply under our feet, and the mountains and stars overhead, while behind us in the dim shadows lay the solitary home of a little band of men who had vowed their lives to eternal prayer for all those who never pray at all. We talked of many things, and I learned much of that strange life which these men lead for conscience' sake. Every night they rise at twelve, and meet in the chapel for matins; two hours they remain there, and at two they go to bed for three hours more. At five their day begins—a day spent in the solitude of a cell, and devoted to prayer and study. On Sundays and on feast-days they dine together, but a reading from the lives of the saints prevents all conversation; for the tongue, said St. Bruno, was only to be used for prayer and praise. On such great fasts as Good-Friday they will taste no food, but upon an ordinary fast-day perhaps a little bread and water will be passed into the iron grille through which all their meals are supplied to them. Fires are only allowed for two months in the year. As I sit here in my comfortable Oxford rooms I shudder to think of those cheerless stone-paved cells, where the storm-blasts come sweeping over the snows, and the long winter nights drag slowly by.

My friend occupied the rooms usually reserved for the bishop; and as a fire-place was considered necessary for the comfort of this dignitary, we were able to get warm before turning in; moreover, a large decanter of Chartreuse had been provided for us; so I was in no great hurry to retire to my apartment, which was but simply furnished. There was only a bed, a deal table, with jug and basin, a press for clothes, a chair, and a little strip of carpet covering part of the tiled floor. It seemed to me that I had hardly been any time in bed before a loud knock at the door awoke me to the recollection that I had pledged myself to attend the midnight service. Hurrying into my clothes, I groped my way down the wide passage to my friend's room, and together we discovered the gallery of the chapel, guided by the sound of a long monotonous chant which echoed through the corridors of the convent. There were but some half dozen lamps below, and in the half light one could see the white robes of the fathers alternately kneeling and standing, while each, as his turn came, intoned a portion of the service, and the others caught up the melancholy chorus. I listened for half an hour; it was a curious sight, and I felt a deep sympathy for these men, who night after night must rise from their beds, after three short hours' sleep, and listen to the same old voices and the same old words, in a chapel cold as a vault, and dreary and cheerless as the austerity of the order enjoined. Even my friend, although a good Catholic, appeared to find the calls of nature stronger than the voice of conscience, and we both retired for the rest of the broken night.

The vast oblong of the cloisters is divided by intersecting buildings: the refectory, where fathers and brothers dine together on Sundays and feast-days; the library, pillaged by the Revolution, and the store-house from which the town library of Grenoble was selected; and the Chapelle des Morts. Between two of these divisions is the cemetery, with the stone crosses of the holy fathers, or heads of the house, and the nameless mounds of the others.

We are taken through the reception-rooms, and the galleries—where hang pictures of all the houses which Carthusians have founded in many lands, from this first convent of St. Bruno to the great Certoza—and through several chapels back to the visitors' quarters. Here any poor man may live three days for nothing, and those who can pay are only asked for very little, for the laws of the order compel hospitality, and no man is to be turned away. Only the ladies may not enter even within the outer gate, for "who," said St. Bruno, "can resist a woman?" But all who come there in the summer are well cared for by three sisters in the white house, built on purpose for them outside the walls; and they will find enough in the splendid scenery and strange associations of this lonely spot to compensate them for any disappointment because they may not enter here.

And now I buy a bottle of that wonderful liqueur—the secret of which, in spite of a hundred imitations, is so jealously guarded—at the manufactory a little lower down the gorge, and start again for St. Laurent to breakfast there; and after a further stretch of six kilometers to Les Échelles, to catch the one-o'clock diligence for Chambéry.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A rule of the Illinois Central Railroad provides that dogs shall not ride in a passenger car; but a big and ferocious bull-dog walked into a car at Chicago, appropriated a whole seat, and rode 300 miles unmolested. "He had such a meaning smile," was the conductor's apology for not ejecting him.

"Can it be possible my Algernon no longer loves his little Brown Eyes? Can it be that her caresses have become irksome to him at last?" said Matilda to her "steady company" the other evening, as the latter seemed inclined to remove her clinging form from his breast. "Your Algernon is all right," said the youth, with an uneasy squirm; "but if you don't let up a minute, Tilder, the spiral of my stud will come out through my backbone, sure."

A man at Litchfield, Connecticut, pleaded guilty to assault on a neighbor the other day, and upon paying the fine and costs to the amount of about twenty-five dollars, turned to the plaintiff with an ugly look, and, shaking his fist at him, said, "If I had known that I should have got off so cheap, I would have blacked your other eye."

"I rather like this soda, after all," said John Henry to Julia, as he drew his nose out of the tumbler and wiped the froth off. "Soda I," said Julia; "but I like bottled soda-water best: it is sodalightful." "Why, sodear?" said John Henry. "Because," exclaimed the charmer, "instead of being only a fizzle, it pops so nicely." He took the hint, and asked her pop that same evening.

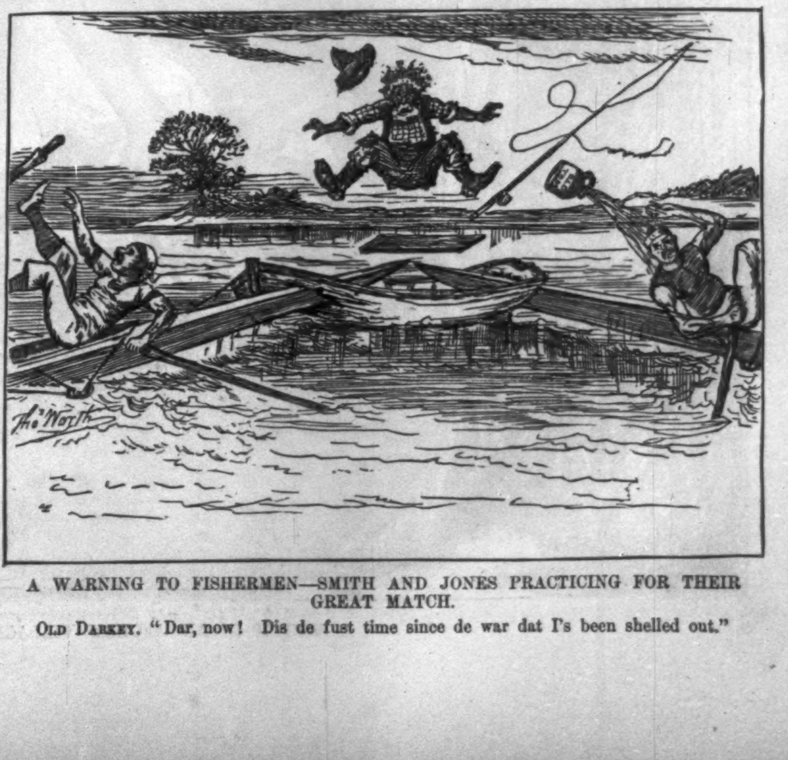
A perplexed German who had made a garment for a youth, and found himself unable to dispose of the surplus fullness which appeared when trying it on the young candidate, declared vociferously that "de coat ish goot. It ish no fault of de coat. De poy ish too slim!"

"Is there a letter here in a scented envelope for my wife?" he asked the postmaster, while the green fire from his eyes made the office look like a leafy forest. "Yes, Sir," answered the postmaster, as he handed it out. The jealous man tore it open at once, when, lo and behold! it was the milliner's bill for fifty dollars. No succeeding chapters.

When John Monigrip's wife asks for a dollar or two for current demands, he smiles sweetly, as he says, "True love, darling, seeks no change."

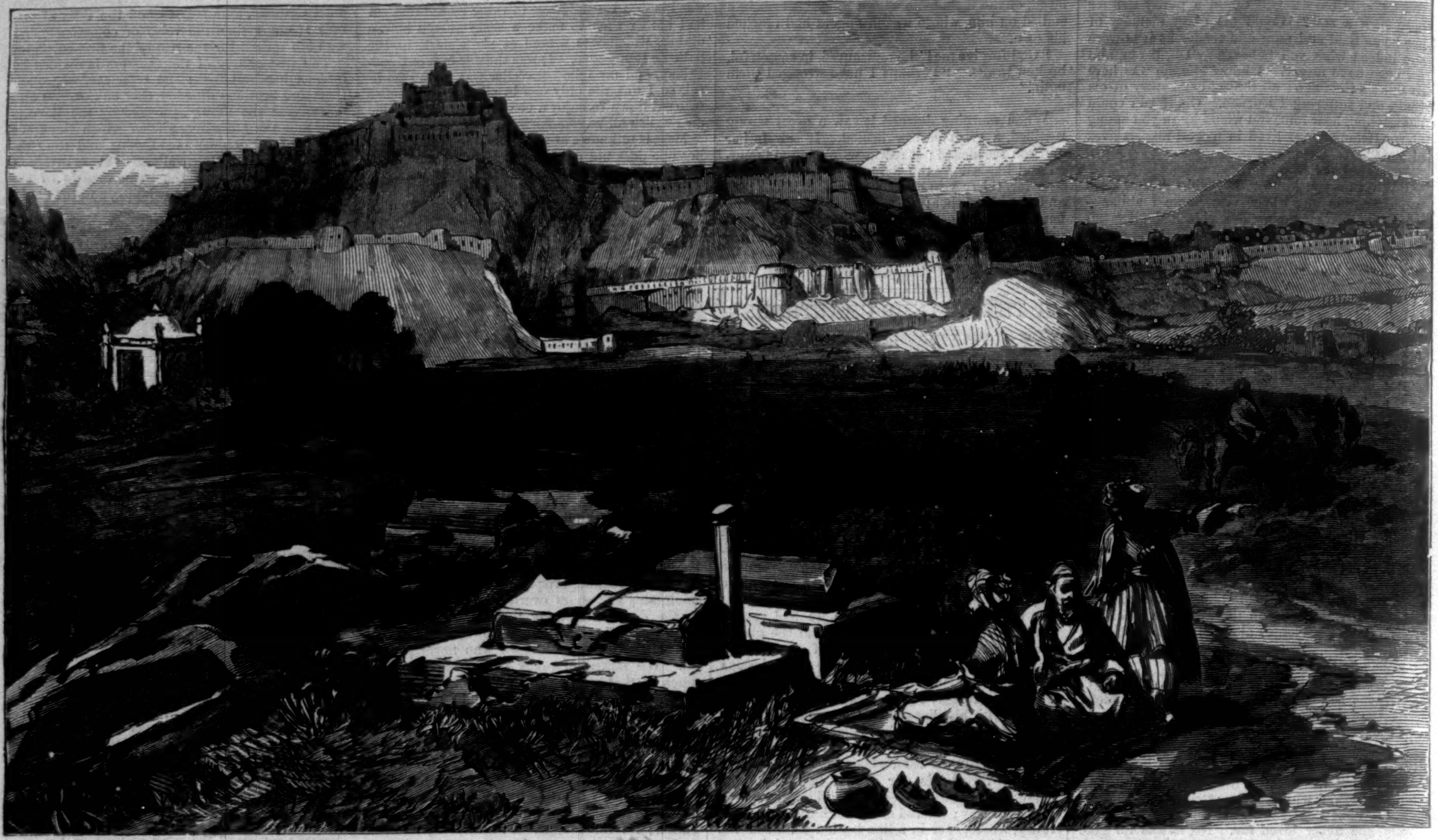
Women are archers by nature. Their inclinations are to bend the beaux.

Lady E. Duncan was an heiress, and Sir W. Duncan was her physician during a severe illness. One day she told him she had made up her mind to marry, and upon asking the name of the fortunate chosen one, she bade him go home and open the Bible (giving him chapter and verse) and he would find it out. He did so, and read what Nathan said unto David—"Thou art the man."

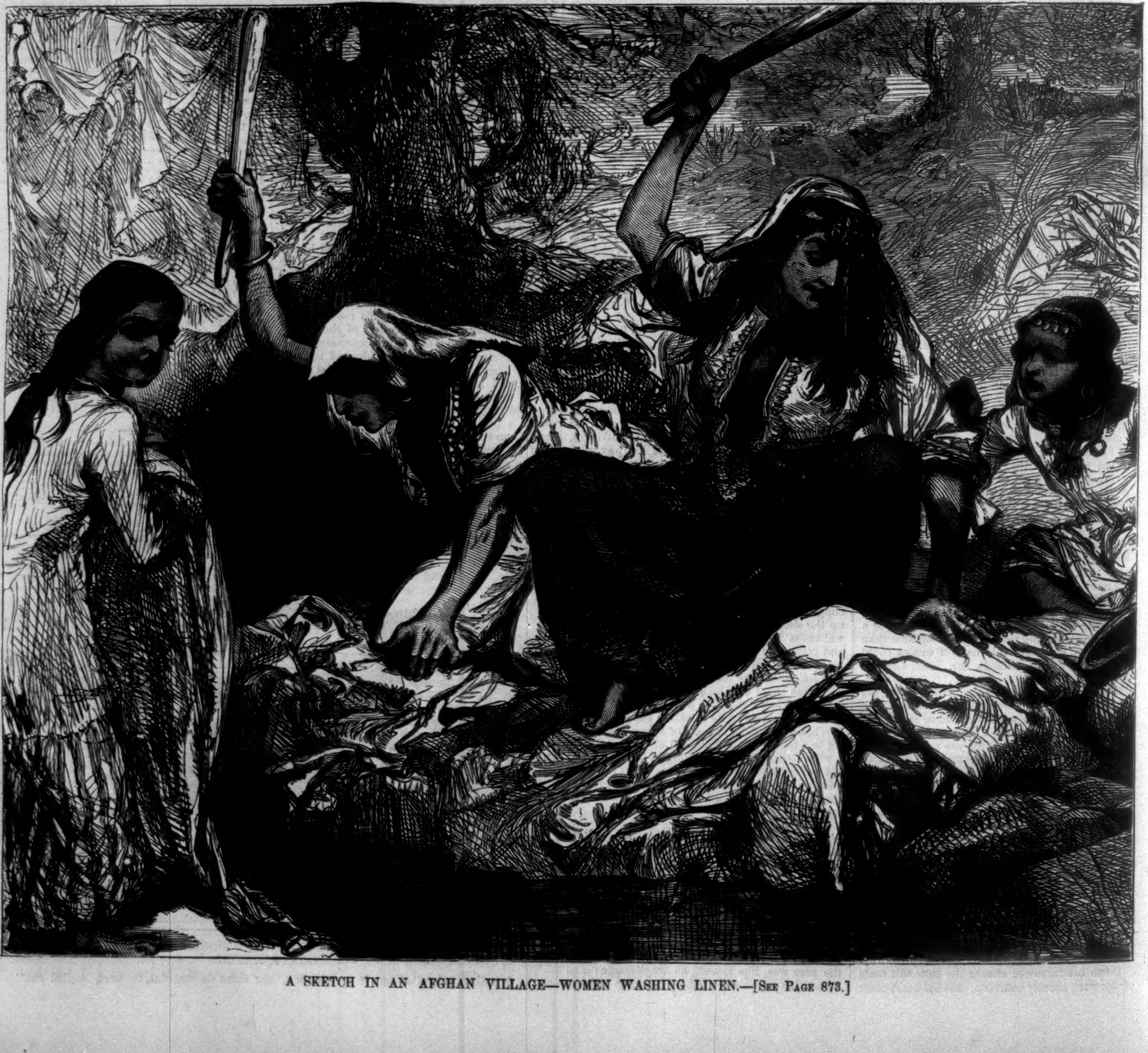


A WARNING TO FISHERMEN—SMITH AND JONES PRACTICING FOR THEIR GREAT MATCH.

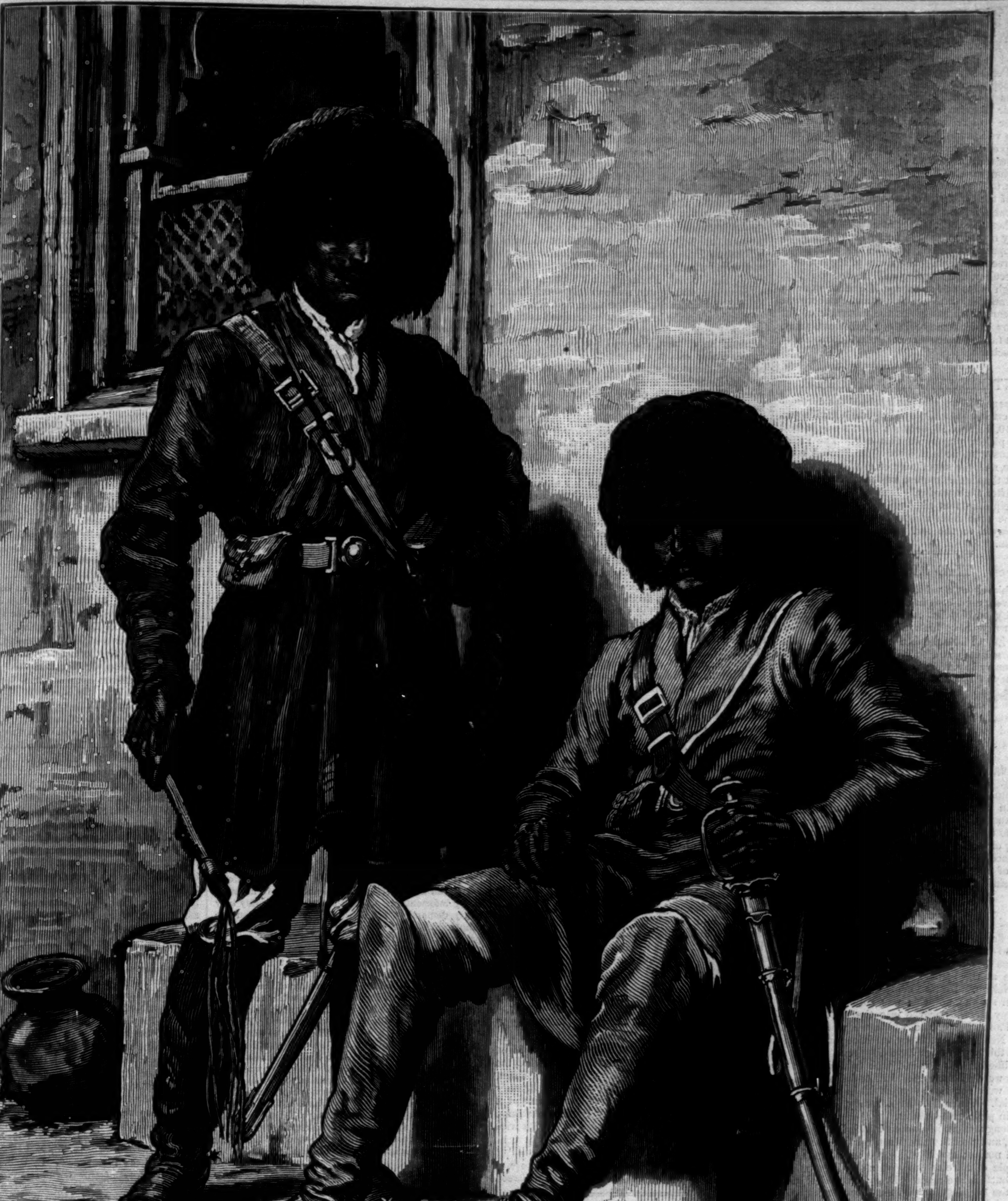
Old Darkey. "Dar, now! Dis de fust time since de war dat I's been shelled out."



THE BALA HISSAR AT CABOOL.—[See Page 873.]



A SKETCH IN AN AFGHAN VILLAGE—WOMEN WASHING LINEN.—[See Page 873.]



HERATEE SOLDIERS.

AFGHAN SKETCHES.

The re-opening of the war between England and Afghanistan has awakened such a renewal of interest in this remote empire that we are glad to be able to furnish our readers with the spirited sketches on this and the preceding pages. The first shows the great Bala Hissar or fortress of Cabool, a defense which, in spite of its imposing appearance, is so dilapidated as to afford little protection. It is, indeed, little more than an inclosure comprising nearly a fourth of the whole area of the city of Cabool, and surrounded by a wall which follows every rise and fall of the rocky slopes on which the palace-citadel stands. "Not that the Bala Hissar deserves either name," says a late writer, "for either as a palace or citadel it is contemptible, being, in fact, a huge congregation of huts, interspersed with shabby gardens, and diversified by a crumbling mosque—the Royal Mosque—and the half-dilapidated buildings known as the Harem Serai, and Palace, and old Embassy. Turning at the highest point to look down upon the town which the Bala Hissar undoubtedly commands, but which in a riot as invariably falls into the hands of the populace, Cabool lies spread out, a monotonous level of flat mud roofs, broken at very infrequent intervals by the variety of a paltry mosque or double-storied house." The fortress is divided into two portions, the inner citadel being small, and capable of holding only a limited number of men. The main portion is large and commodious, and could accommodate 5000 troops. The only occasion on which the Bala Hissar has undergone an assault in modern times was when Dost Mohammed besieged it fifty years ago, and captured it by blowing up one of the towers. In fact, the Bala Hissar has been always held as the royal palace, because it was considered a place sufficiently strong to resist the seditious risings on the part of the populace, and capable of affording security against any outburst of rebellion. In the case of Major Cavagnari and his unfortunate associates the Bala Hissar failed in the protection it was supposed to afford, and at present its heights bristle with the English bayonets sent thither to avenge the tragedy of September 3.

Our second sketch shows a party of Afghan women. These are of a humble class, and, like the poor of all countries, live a simple life, performing all kinds of hard labor, and suffering much at the hands of the men. The ladies of Afghanistan are creatures of an entirely different stamp. Their faces are never exposed to public view, and in-doors they amuse themselves with their pipes, embroidery, and conversation. They are fond of gossip, but their toilet is the chief object of their existence. A few read, but writing is considered highly improper, as conducing to mischief and intrigues. Their habiliments are a loose shirt of crimson, or some other bright-colored silk or satin, braided with gold-lace, open at the bosom, and fastened at the throat by a brooch or jewel; a chintz jacket, resembling a hussar's, adorned with loops and buttons, with wide sleeves pointed at the cuffs, and caught by a stud at the wrist, to display the flowing shirt beneath, and trousers of rich velvet, or kimbob, edged with a massive band of gold, the joining of which is fringed out into a tassel. When out-of-doors they don an immense white sheet, reaching from the top of the skull-cap to the feet; a large square veil, attached to the back of the head by a jewelled clasp, conceals the face, across which is an opening of net-work to admit light and air; long loose boots of white calico fastened above the knee, with silken garters embroidered with texts from the Koran and other inscriptions, complete their outfit. They sit astride on horseback, generally behind their husbands, but when alone the animal is led. Though the ladies of Afghanistan are strictly under the "purdah" (curtain), they enjoy life more, and exercise greater influence over their husbands, than is usual in Eastern countries. They may often be seen riding on horseback, tripping along the crowded bazars, or listening to the stories of some Persian story-teller. On such occasions they keep closely veiled; but they also make excursions to sequestered spots, where they throw off their disguise and restraint together. If a stranger appear suddenly before they have had time to veil themselves, they will scud away like a group of frightened antelopes.

In our third sketch we have two fine specimens of Afghan cavalry. These bear but a small proportion to the infantry, as the mountainous character of the country makes the use of horses in many cases impracticable. Under DOST MOHAMMED, when the first attempt at anything like actual army organization was made in Afghanistan, the proportion of cavalry regiments to infantry was three to sixteen. The dress of these men is very peculiar, and seemingly ill adapted to riding. The high boots and spurs are like those worn by Europeans, but the loose blouse, and cumbersome head-gear, which resembles the mountain of fur worn by a drum-major in our American army, can not fail to be the source of great inconvenience on horseback.

INTERNATIONAL CRICKET.

ON page 865 we give a sketch of the International cricket match, played at Philadelphia October 10, 11, and 13, between DAFT's eleven and fifteen-picked players of that city. The Philadelphians were no match for their English competitors, and the superiority of the latter was so evident that little interest was manifested in the game after the first day. It must be said for the Philadelphians that although their defeat was a foregone conclusion almost from the beginning, they played to the end with pluck and determination.

THE BICYCLE.

THE bicycle as a vehicle of locomotion is being extensively used both in this country and in others. A good bicyclist can easily surpass a horse, and journeys have been made which are indeed wonderful. In England a mile has been rode in two minutes and fifty-three seconds, and in this country in a trifle over three minutes, while a journey of 100 miles has been performed, over country roads, in seven hours and nineteen minutes, and a trip of 212 miles in twenty-three hours and fifty-four minutes. Two gentlemen in England rode a journey of 858 miles in eleven days—an average of 78 miles a day; and two French bicyclists made a trip of 900 leagues in 27 riding days, or an average of about 92 miles per day. Similar feats have been performed in this country, and hundreds of gentlemen, both in England and in the suburbs of our large cities, who can not afford horses, use these vehicles in going to their business. There are seventeen bicycling clubs in the United States, and this method of locomotion is gaining ground apace in the favor of those who incline to rapid locomotion which shall be under their own control.

BUTTONS.

THE first covered buttons made by machinery seem to have been introduced by a gentleman who was driven into trade through having lost a fortune at the bombardment of Copenhagen by Lord Nelson. He first made a cloth button with an iron shank; but this was subsequently, and by many steps, improved into the neat and elegant Florentine button which we wear to this day. Nearly all the fancy varieties that were in vogue thirty years ago have disappeared; but at that time buttons covered with figured silk and velvet were all the rage. In London alone sixty looms were constantly employed in weaving the material. There is still a steady, quiet trade done in plain coat buttons.

Among modern inventions in this line, the neat, cheap, and useful white linen button claims especial notice; and it will serve as a convenient example of its class, to give us an idea of how such buttons are made. Every housewife prizes it as the handiest for all under-clothing purposes. The original of this was our grandmothers' old thread button, which used to be made of threads passed over a ring, and gathered in the centre; but the new button is better-looking and stronger, and more like a product of mechanical art. Now, if we try to dissect one of these buttons, we shall find the skeleton of it to be a brass ring, not made of solid metal, but of very fine tube. Round what we may call the under side of the ring, the edges of this tube meet, and inclose between them, with a desperate grip, just the least bit of the margin of the linen covering, which has evidently been stretched over and tucked in. The question is, How was it got into that position, and the tube closed upon it? Well, the tube is an endless one, and it has been made out of a flat disk of sheet brass. The middle has been cut out with a press, leaving it the shape of a photographer's diaphragm; and this annular rim has been guttered, bent over, and closed up, with wonderfully ingenious tools, at the same time that two disks of fair white linen (one large, and the other small, to form the upper and the under side of the button) are presented to it to be tucked in.

With what precision all this is done any one can convince himself by merely looking at a finished button; but as for the *modus operandi*, it would seem to a spectator watching it that a conjurer's trick would be easier of detection. A girl's nimble fingers put the pieces together in a sort of trap, another girl gives the trap one little squeeze under a press, and, presto! the thing is done. One pair of workers will make buttons almost as fast as they can be counted. This is something like the method of making all kinds of covered buttons; the ductile metal is squeezed and tortured into the form most convenient for giving shape to the button, and at the same time for holding firmly in its place the woven covering.

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AT PHILADELPHIA.

GRAND ARMY DAY was celebrated October 11, in Philadelphia, upon an unprecedented scale. The early morning was portentous of rain, but the weather proved very favorable for the men who marched and the tens of thousands who lined all the avenues traversed by the veterans and thronged the Park.

The occasion was the eleventh anniversary of the establishment of the order of the Grand Army of the Republic in the Department of Pennsylvania. This department is now the strongest numerically, and probably the best organized of any in the Union. Philadelphia is especially well represented in the order, some twenty-seven Posts of that city appearing in line upon this occasion.

Nearly all of the local Posts entertained as their guests Posts or delegations from other points. Among the visitors, Wilson Post No. 1, of Baltimore, under escort of Post 2, of Philadelphia, attracted the most attention. These two are the largest Posts in the order. The Fourteenth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., of Brooklyn, appeared in line nearly four hundred strong. Most of its members wear the badge of the G. A. R. They were uniformed in the picturesque Zouave costume, which won for them in the field the expressive but profane title of the "Red-legged Devils."

The line arrived at the Permanent Exhibition Building in Fairmount Park at 1 P.M., and the column passed in review of the Commander-in-Chief Chaplain W. EARNSHAWE, who, together with a brilliant group of ex-Union officers, occupied a temporary stage in the centre of the building. The line countermarched at the western end, and was massed upon the broad space in front of the stage. An especially pretty feature of the day was the appearance in line, at this juncture, of the girls from the Soldiers' Orphans' Home, the wards of the Grand Army of the Republic, for the organization in the State of Pennsylvania is especially watchful for the welfare of the children of their late comrades. Legislation adverse to the interests of the Homes has been headed off more than once. Cruelty to the children has been followed by the swift vengeance of the law, invoked by the order; and, in fact, the little ones are being reared in such a manner as will insure their becoming good members of society.

Numbers of short addresses were made, and in the evening Commissioner of Pensions Hon. J. A. BENTLEY gave the comrades his views upon the subject of claims, back pay, pensions, etc.

The comrades from Baltimore were entertained with a banquet at Belmont, in the Park, by Post 2, of Philadelphia, General ROBERT PATTERSON, ex-Governor HARTRANFT, and many other well-known veterans being present.

MANY curious pieces of Antique English and Dutch Silver, a large collection of genuine Sèvres, Vienna, and Dresden Porcelain, old miniatures on Ivory, and other rare Bric-a-Brac, on free exhibition and for sale by HOWARD & Co., Jewellers, No. 264 Fifth Avenue, corner of 29th Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

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Meanwhile, great advances have been made in the sciences on which lexicography depends. Minute research in manuscript authorities has largely restored the texts of the classical writers, and even their orthography. Philology has traced the growth and history of thousands of words, and revealed meanings and shades of meaning which were long unknown.

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It was seen fifteen years ago that at least a very thorough revision of the Lexicon was needed. It was therefore submitted to the author of the original work, Dr. WILLIAM FREUND, who carefully revised it, rewrote a few of the less satisfactory articles, corrected errors, and supplied about two thousand additions, mainly in the early pages. The sheets were then placed in the hands of Professor HENRY DRISLER, LL.D., to be edited; but that eminent scholar soon advised us that a reconstruction of the work was desirable, such as he could not command leisure to make. They were afterwards delivered to the present editors, to be used freely, and in combination with all other appropriate sources, in compiling a Latin Dictionary which should meet the advanced requirements of the times. The results of their unremitting labors for several years is now given to the public.

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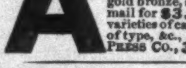

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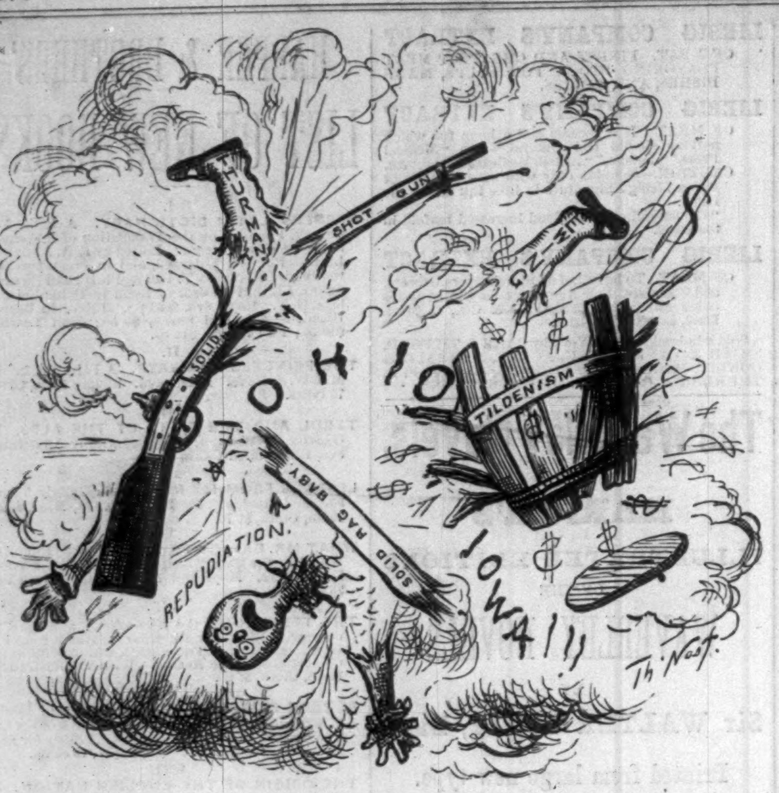

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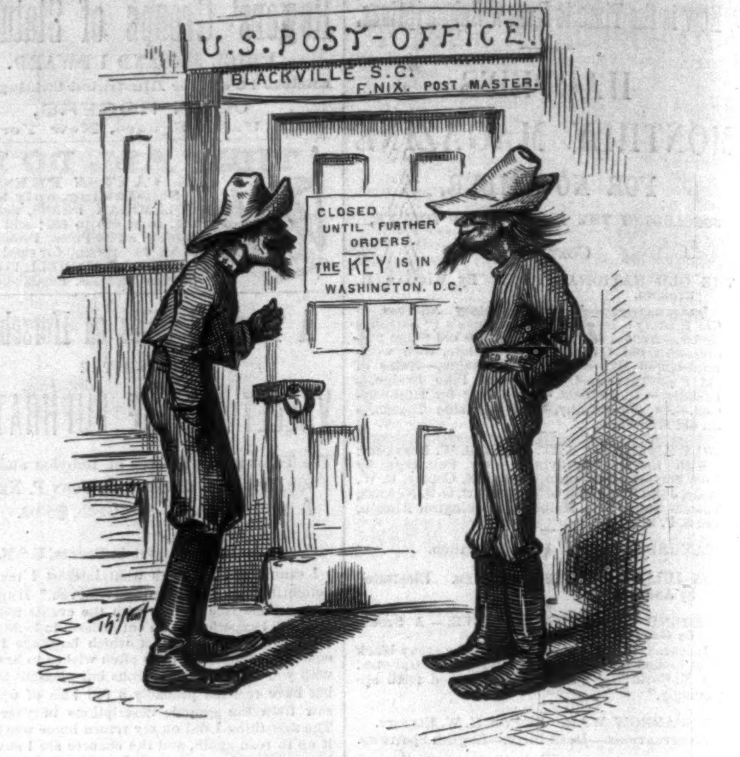
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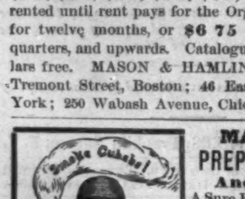
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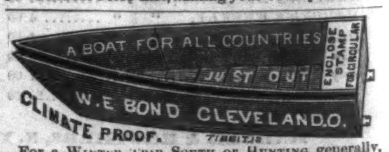

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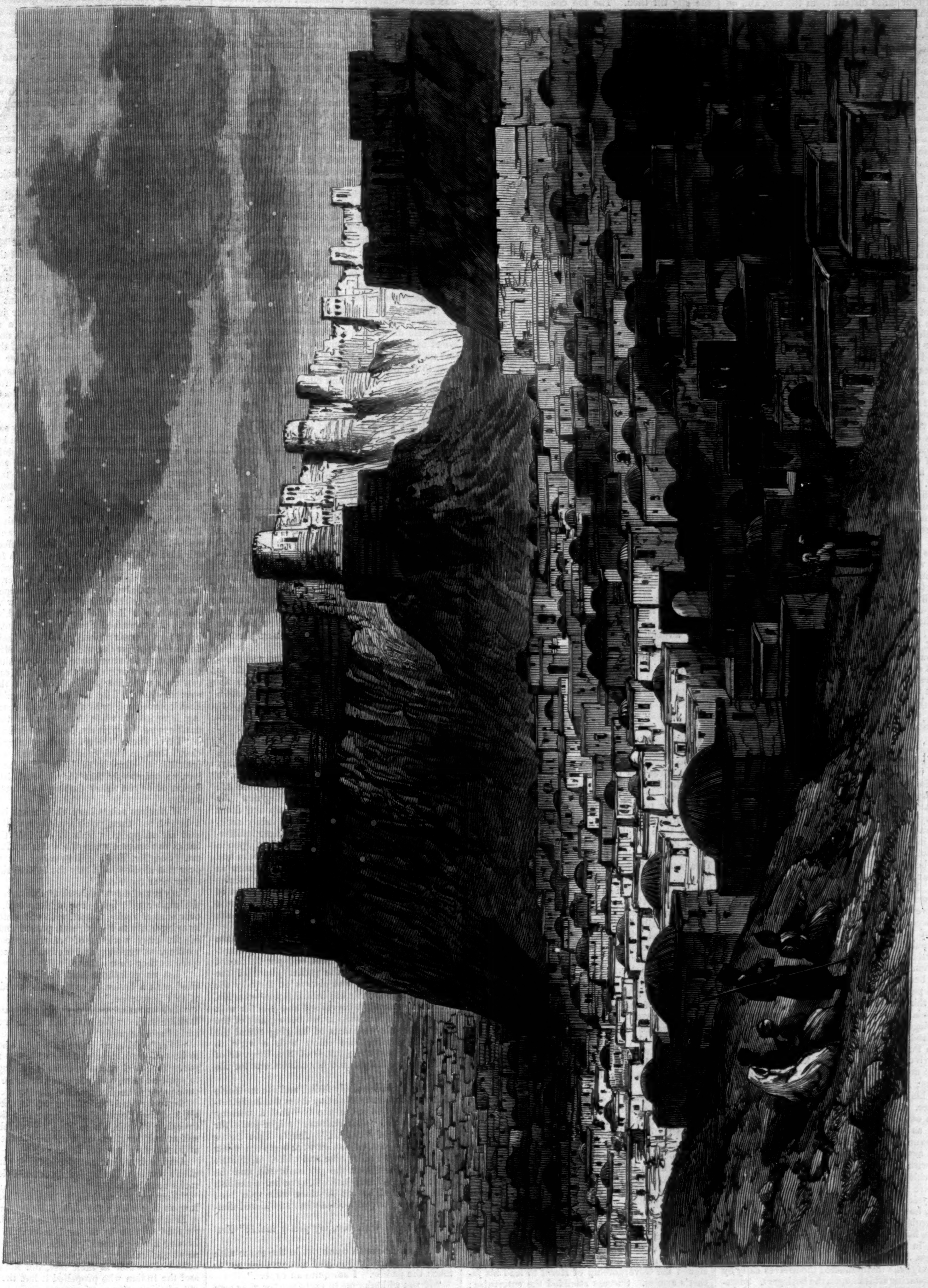

THE CITADEL OF HERAT.

HERAT.

In the struggle at present going on between England and Afghanistan the town and citadel of Herat have not figured conspicuously; but the place is one that would spring into immediate importance should Russia show a disposition to realize the suspicions so often urged against her, and take an active part in the contest. Herat is situated near the western, or Persian, frontier of Afghanistan, and not far from the Merv and the country of the Tekke Turcomans, where a Russian expedition is now on foot. It is thus the frontier town between Persia and India, and is connected by high-roads with the capitals of all the surrounding countries—with Cabool through the Hazara hills, with Balkh and Bokhara through Maimena, with Khiva through Merv, with Meshed, with Yezd and Ispahan, with Seistan, and with Candahar. It enjoys an admirable climate, and is situated in the midst of one of the most fertile and populous valleys in Asia. Above all, the city itself is surrounded by earth-works of the most colossal description, dating from prehistoric times, and which, with the adaptations and improvements of modern science, might be rendered quite impregnable to an Asiatic force.

Herat is supposed to have been founded by Alexander the Great. In shape the town is a quadrangle, three and a half miles long on the north and south sides, and rather more on the east and west. Its extent would be immense if all the suburbs were included, particularly those stretching to the west of the town beyond the Dervazeh Irak, or Gate of Irak. All these suburbs are partially covered with ruins and numerous walled gardens about half a gun-shot from the town. A thick rampart constructed of the earth brought from the interior of the city surrounds it, and forms its defense. The height of this rampart is not everywhere equal, but the average may be about ninety feet, and it is supported on the inside by counter-forts of masonry. Earth has also been taken for a distance of one hundred and eight yards beyond the ditch, and used in the construction of this work, and being of pure clay, it has become exceedingly solid. The rampart has the appearance of a long hill surrounding the city, and on the crest of it a thick wall has been built about thirty-two feet high, flanked with round towers, which, as well as the curtains which connect them with each other, are loop-holed for musketry. It is only in the enormous and massive towers at the angles that cannon can be mounted. Generally speaking, the ground, from the edge of the ditch toward the country, in a radius of two hundred and fifty yards, is of a marshy nature, and water is found at a depth of from eight to ten feet, especially on the southern side of the city, for the general inclination of the ground is from north to south. Streams, which all run east to west, water the environs and supply the ditch, and it flows out on the south side opposite a large tower, which forms the angle of the place, called Koordj Khakhister, or Tower of Cinders. At half a cannon-shot south of the town is a canal with steep banks, supplied with water by the Heri-rood, which is four miles distant from the city, and on this canal are a great number of mills. It is fordable only at a few points, on which account at different distances little bridges have been built, each of a single arch.

The citadel of Herat, which in old days was called Kella-i-Aktyar-Eldyn, was by itself a formidable construction, and although it has long been neglected, it still possesses an important place in the list of the defenses of this city. It is situated in the north, where the ground is most elevated, and forms a prominent object in the landscape for miles around. This fortress within a fortress stands on an artificial mound which is more elevated than the ramparts, and its walls of burned brick, with towers upon them, are not less formidable in appearance than those of the city wall. It is surrounded by a wide ditch, and were it repaired and armed with proper artillery, it would be impossible for an enemy to take it. There are two heights within a thousand yards of the walls of Thalehbingin and Mosulla, whence it would be possible to bombard the outer walls; but as those places are only on a line with the ramparts, and consequently considerably below the foundation of the citadel, it would be impossible for an enemy to establish his batteries upon them if the citadel of Herat itself were properly armed.

There are five gates to the city of Herat. To the north of it, near the Dervazeh Melek, or Meshed, are two citadels—Ark Noon, or the New Citadel, and Ark Kenhenneh, or the Old Citadel—which nearly join each other. The first commands the second, in which there is an enormous round tower. On the north, parallel to the walls, and about 1250 yards from them, rises the long hill of Thalehbingin, which forms a ridge on that side. Beyond this hill stands one of the most beautiful mosques ever built in Asia. It is surmounted by nine minarets, from the summits of which the interior of the town can be seen, and its distance from it is about the longest range of a twelve-pounder. Herat is not commanded by any of the hills in the environs; Thalehbingin, which is used for a cemetery, is the highest. The interior of the city is divided into four nearly equal divisions by two streets, which at right angles cross each other in the centre of the city. The principal one joins the gate of Candahar to the Pay-i-Hissar, and was formerly covered by a succession of small domes springing from arches which cross the streets. About two-thirds of this magnificent bazar still remain, but so choked up with rubbish and so ruinous that it has lost much of its attraction to the eye. This bazar was about 1300 yards long and six in width. The solidity of the masonry of this work should have insured its stability; but unfortunately the arches are all defective—not one has a key-stone. They are built, as all others are in this country, with a vacancy at the apex filled merely with bits of broken bricks. The whole of the lower floors on each side are used as shops. The population of Herat has been variously estimated, but it is probably about 50,000.

The fortress of Herat has been in former times the object of the most pretentious ambition on the part of the rulers of Persia. In the opinion of certain parties in England, it has also an immense importance as being, toward Persia, the key of Afghanistan, which in turn affords the only approach by land to Western India. In this connection, Herat has been viewed as an outpost against Russian intrigue and encroachment. Hence it has been alike the subject of treaties and the occasion of wars between Great Britain, as the mistress of Hindostan, and Persia, as virtually a vassal of Russia. In 1838 the town endured a ten months' siege from the Persians. Its successful defense was, however, in a great measure due to an English officer, Captain Eldred Pottinger. In the treaty of 1813 between England and Persia it was stipulated that if war broke out between the Persians and Afghans, the English government should remain neutral, but it might nevertheless become a mediator if requested to do so by both parties. The excuse given for the violation of this clause was "the eagerness with which the Russians had advised the Persians to undertake a siege which threatened the dearest interests of England." Just before the siege commenced, Captain Pottinger, disguised as a Hindoo physician, arrived at Herat, and was known there only to three merchants, who were devoted to English interests; Shah Kamram and his Vizier did not hear of his arrival until the Persian army invested the place. This was the moment chosen by the English officer to offer his professional services, as well as subsidies of all kinds on the part of his government, to assist Shah Kamram in making a stand against the Persians. The offer was accepted with joy; but such was still the discretion of the chiefs of Herat that the inhabitants were not aware for a long time that the pretended Hindoo physician was in reality an English officer. Finally, however, Captain Pottinger abandoned his disguise, and assumed his proper uniform. He was, however, the only Englishman who remained in the place during the whole period of the siege.

The Afghans distinguished themselves daily by the most daring attacks upon the besiegers. Sometimes a handful of horsemen would issue from the town, and charge a whole corps of Persian infantry. They never retired without taking a number of prisoners or committing great slaughter. Sometimes a detachment would fight until the last man of them was killed: It was always hand-to-hand work with the sabre, and the bloodshed was appalling. One day the Afghans surprised two battalions of Chaghaghis posted on the Thalehbingin, killed four hundred of their men, and carried off two guns. Their commander, the Sertip Hadji Khan, had very imprudently, at night-fall of the previous day, admitted within his lines one hundred Afghans, who besought him to grant them hospitality, assuring him that they had always been on the side of Mohammed Shah, but that it never had been possible for them to escape from the city till then. The too confiding Sertip allowed them to remain with his own men, and at midnight they sprang upon the piled arms of the soldiers sleeping beside them, and with the aid of two hundred of their countrymen, who had followed them, and crept up the hills to the works, made a frightful carnage, after which they retired with one prisoner, a captain of artillery, and the two guns that he commanded.

It is impossible to conceive the reckless devastation committed by the Persian soldiers in the neighborhood of Herat during this siege. They made a perfect desert of that once rich and fertile country. The city, torn up by shot and shell, was nothing but a mass of shapeless ruins, and the houses, caravansaries, and bazars were all pulled down to repair the breaches in the ramparts. It was, in fact, a heap of cinders, ruin, and desolation. To crown these misfortunes, the wretched citizens, who had been nearly starved during the siege, were for a long time short of provisions after it had been raised, and the famine was almost as bad as it had been previously, for the ground had not been tilled, and every one had consumed the provisions he had laid by before the arrival of the Persians. All the villages from seventy to ninety miles round had been completely pillaged to supply the besieging army, and the population of the country, stripped of everything, as were the citizens who left Herat before the siege and now returned in crowds to the city, where there was not a grain of corn to feed them. The famine soon caused frightful ravages, and produced every day scenes worthy of cannibals; in fact, the situation was fearful to contemplate. To put an end to this misery, Yar Mohammed Khan appealed to the chiefs of the principalities around Herat, and in the name of Mohammed implored their generosity, and entreated them to send corn to the desolated city. At the same time he remitted the duty on every description of grain. The merchants of Turkestan, Candahar, and the Eimauk Khanats quickly responded to this appeal, but more with the view of realizing enormous profits than of relieving such bitter distress. The majority of the Heratees being entirely without money to purchase bread for their families, in many instances sold themselves to the Turcomans for ten battemens of corn. Fathers sold their children for as small a sum, and the children thankfully sanctioned the bargain which saved them from the terrible pangs of hunger.

In 1856 the Persians made another attempt against Herat. While negotiations for an amicable adjustment of difficulties were actually being conducted at Constantinople, the Shah sent an army under General Hassan against Herat, and on this occasion, after a four months' siege, the Persians had better fortune. It surrendered on October 25 in that year. War at once ensued between England and Persia. An expedition under Outram was sent to the Gulf, and a treaty of alliance was concluded with Dost Mohammed. The Persians were defeated in several encounters, and the English marched inland. The Shah hastened to repair his mistake. He sued for peace, and withdrew his troops. The Treaty of Paris, concluded in March, 1857, placed a seal on the renunciation of Persia's claims to Herat, and a nephew of Dost Mohammed was intrusted with the charge of this all-important place. For the second time England's active interference had saved it from becoming Persian, and since then the Shah, adhering to the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris, has not made any distinct move upon it. His policy has been limited to underhand intrigues, which up to the present have proved ineffectual.

The more recent history of Herat may be briefly described. Sultan Jan, the Dost's nephew, intrigued with Persia, and drove his cousin Shereef Khan out of Ferrah in 1862. The same year the Ameer marched against him, and laid close siege to Herat, which surrendered after a ten months' siege. Sultan Jan died shortly before and Dost Mohammed a few days after the conclusion of the siege. Shere Ali, a younger son by a favorite wife, inherited the throne, to the annoyance of his elder brothers, and ascended it September, 1863. Yakoob Khan, the present Ameer, son of Shere Ali, was then made Governor of Herat. Three years later Shere Ali was driven from his throne by his elder brother, Afzul Khan. Early in January, 1867, the deposed Ameer made an unsuccessful attempt against his enemies, and was finally compelled to take refuge at Herat, which Yakoob Khan still held. In the battle of Khilat-i-Shilzai, fought on the 2d of January, his favorite son, Mohammed Ali, a youth of remarkable talents and great promise, was cut down by his uncle, Shere Ali's brother, Mohammed Amin, in single combat, the victor falling immediately afterward beneath the swords of the young prince's guard. Through grief and horror Shere Ali's mind was unsettled, and for some months thereafter he acted like one stupefied. Upon the death of Afzul Khan, Mohammed Azim, another brother of Shere Ali, succeeded, and this awoke him to renewed effort. Yakoob Khan resigned the Governorship of Herat to lead his father's armies. Success attended the enterprise; and in December, 1868, Shere Ali was able to enter Cabool as Ameer. Within a short time, however, another family feud broke out. He gave the government of Candahar to his youthful son by a favorite wife, Abdalla Jan, and Yakoob Khan resented the favoritism, and, May, 1871, revolted, his brother Ayoob making common cause with him, and seizing the city of Herat, which he held till 1873. Meanwhile Yakoob had repented, and made his peace with his father on the eve of a battle in which the old man had no reason to believe that his forces would remain faithful to him. Yakoob Khan's submission was rewarded with the Governorship of Herat, from which Ayoob fled to Persia in 1873; but it was not long before Yakoob revolted again, his grievance this time (1874) being the nomination of Abdalla Jan as heir-apparent. Shere Ali treated his rebel son much as at the beginning of his reign he had treated his rebel brother, and luring him to Cabool with a safe-conduct, clapped him into prison. In the mean time Ayoob Khan was left as Governor during his brother's visit to Cabool; and when he was thrown into prison Shere Ali's authority was restored. A chief of the name of Omar Mohammed Khan was appointed Governor, and he remained there until he was dismissed by Ayoob, who returned from Persia as soon as Shere Ali had fled, last Christmas. Nothing is known of the authorities at Herat. They are presumably those who were nominated by Shere Ali.

The outbreak which took place at Herat on the 5th of September throws considerable suspicion upon Ayoob Khan. Three regiments mutinied, the reason given being the order to march to Kohistan, where disturbances had occurred. Considerable mischief was done, the troops having burned the Governor's house, and murdered Fakir Ahmed Khan, the commanding general. The London *Times* says: "This man was an old adherent of Ayoob Khan, the Ameer's brother; but it seems impossible to doubt that Ayoob was at the bottom of the affair, as he has never concealed his aversion for the English and his dislike to the Treaty of Gandamak." An appearance of innocence was maintained, however, by Ayoob's immediate disclaimer, and the request to be allowed to resign his command. The Ameer also lost no time in dispatching word that he hoped soon to regain control of affairs, when he would "exhaust his resources and energies in maintaining faith with the English."

GOLDEN-ROD:

An Idyl of Mount Desert.

CHAPTER VII.

They did meet again, early and oft, after the friendly Mount Desert fashion. "Better a fortnight of Mount Desert than a cycle in New York," say enthusiasts in the art of love-making. It is a very dispensary of opportunities.

Mrs. Gray was stopping with her aunt—a delightful old lady with pretty white crimped hair, who did endless bands of crewel-work—and that lady's husband, Mr. Carson, at a cottage at some distance from the centre of gayety, the Romont House. Although Mrs. Gaspar Gray habitually declined picnics and large excursion parties, she was more accessible to her friends here than in town.

The day after his adventure Erskine was sauntering listlessly up and down the board walk in front of the hotel, with his hands stuck in his tweed pockets, utterly unconscious of the siren glances bestowed on him by numbers of pretty girls lounging on the piazza or steps, under scarlet or blue umbrellas, with numbers of pretty little feet coquettishly displayed before them. It was this provoking indifference of Mr. Erskine's, the young ladies agreed, that made him so very desirable. Poor, good-natured Tom Elliott, who spent his time in everybody's service, whose life was one struggle "to get up something new" for the diversion of society, wandered up and down the piazza like Noah's weary dove, vainly seeking a resting-place beside some of these indifferent fair ones. He compromised at last upon a promenade with Miss Amaryllis Glover, who had weathered dear knows how many summers at Mount Desert, and had gone to so many picnics in her day that one trembles at the thought of computing the number of sandwiches she must have consumed, not to mention Albert biscuits and sardines.

Not until Amy North came down the piazza steps in her boating dress—a fact noted promptly by several curious damsels, and put on record by old Mrs. Delancey, the picket-guard of the Romont House, who was always on duty by the hall door, armed with her knitting-pins—did Mr. Erskine arouse from his reverie and join her with a smile. The fact was, he had been guilty of the unconscionable weakness of hanging round the principal thoroughfare solely with a view to catching a possible glimpse of Mrs. Gray, or of gaining some insight into her movements for the day.

So far, he had entirely failed, and the spectacle of Amy North in her boating dress was sufficiently consolatory to make him feel that a morning spent with this "dear charmer" might atone for the absence of "t'other." Amy's light figure and springy grace of motion were best seen in her jaunty sailor's suit of blue and white. Her little oil-skin hat set upon the golden braids, and the short "banged" hair in front, gave her a childish look, sustained by the fearless wide-open blue eyes looking out of a somewhat sun-kissed dimpled little face.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?" Erskine said to her.

"If you choose to come out in the canoe with me and my own Indian, and will promise not to touch the paddle. I am quite an expert."

"If you will take me in exchange for your own Indian," he said. "I am eminently cautious and conservative."

"I don't know that that is an especial recommendation to me," Amy said, with her light-hearted laugh. "But wait here a moment, please, while I run back to the house for my scarlet silk neck-handkerchief. I would do you discredit without my bit of color in the canoe."

As she left him, a lady passed Erskine and walked into the village shop, which contained everything imaginable *besides* the daily mail to Bar Harbor.

It was Rosalie Gray, and he was by her side as her foot touched the threshold.

"Good-morning," Erskine said, with a strange lack of self-possession. "I have been watching for you to pass all the morning. I did not exactly like to present myself at your quarters, and I wanted to know if—if you are quite well to-day."

"I should rather ask you that question, Mr. Erskine, for you were the principal sufferer," she said, lightly, and looking him in the eyes, with the indefinable airy confidence of a woman of the world.

"Oh, if you mean my wet clothes, that is nothing. May I—might I walk home with you this morning?" he went on, feeling more and more at a disadvantage.

At that moment Amy came running out upon the walk, ready for their jaunt, and summoned him as unceremoniously as if she were a boy and he a school-fellow.

Mrs. Gray's face wore an amused look as she offered him her hand.

"Another time," she said, in her quiet voice. "Let me wish you, instead, *bon voyage*, and better luck than befell you in my service."

"Do you row much? Do you care for a canoe? May I take you out to-morrow?" Erskine said, with a profound rebellion against the trick Fate was playing him.

"Come to my cottage to-morrow morning about eleven, and we may talk it over. One never can promise anything too surely at Mount Desert. There are fogs, you know, and other interruptions. Pray don't let me keep you a moment longer from that charming young lady now."

There was nothing left about her of the heavenly softness of the day before. Her manner was cool, though sufficiently cordial, easy, bright, and careless. Erskine, who had been for hours hungering for another one of those looks from her soft dark eyes, went back to Amy, consumed with disappointment.

"So that is Mrs. Gaspar Gray," Amy said, with a girl's admiring curiosity. "I did not know she was here, or that you knew her. I think she is too splendid for anything; but that sort of a woman always makes me feel as if my gown doesn't fit, or the buttons are off my boots, or as if I had large red hands, and did not know how to do my hair."

Erskine thought it would be difficult for this little town-bred creature to look other than she was—fine and fair to see. Her unaffected admiration of his divinity aroused in him for her a new warmth of friendship. He resolved that he would bring these two women together, as men often do, not always with success. Hope springing eternal pointed him to the morrow when he was bidden to Rosalie's cottage, and his spirits rose. They walked down to the point of embarkation, chatting merrily, and Amy, hailing *her* Indian (otherwise the one chartered by Mr. Thornton for especial attendance upon the whims of his enterprising young sister-in-law), their canoe was run up on the flat pebbly beach, and they were stowed within. The Indian was dismissed, but Erskine received orders to take his ease, reclining luxuriously, while Amy paddled their tiny craft across the "glassy, cool, translucent wave."

"I feel like a Moslem saint reclining in paradise," Erskine said, dreamily, as they floated in from the sun-glare to the haven of a shaded little bay, so noiselessly that they scarce disturbed a legion of bright fishes darting underneath their keel.

"If Moslem saints have their noses burned to a bright red, then you certainly resemble one," said his skipper. "This is chief of the drawbacks to romance upon the water at Mount Desert. See, Mr. Erskine, how clear the water is over this shallow, and how the bottom shines like silver near the shore."

They gazed down in fascinated silence through the amber veil upon the under-world. There, over sunken rocks, matted with olive-tinted kelp, swaying lazily in the current, passed and repassed the busy workers of submarine commerce, jostling, struggling, and devouring each other quite as they do up above.

"Let us go ashore here," said Amy. "I am filled with a desire to explore the wooded sides of this Porcupine."

"Let us rather seek a shady nook, and loaf," Erskine said. "We have had 'enough of action and of motion we.'"

"*We!*" said Amy, scornfully. "I should like to be told how large a share of it has fallen to you. But, as Grace says, there is nothing so easy to spoil as men, and you shall be made to work your passage back, I promise you."

She consented to indulge his idleness, after all, and they found shelter beneath a downward sweeping branch, where Erskine stretched himself at half length upon a carpet of pine-needles, and looked up into her face.

Amy took his hat and decorated it with a cavalier's plume of ferns growing out of a cleft in the rocks near by.

"Now you are my knight," she said, conferring it upon him with a fantastic little gesture.

Erskine thought it not unnatural that he should respond to this by taking her hand in his and kissing it with a courtly grace. At the very moment chosen for this exploit another canoe shot across the water at their feet, and Rosalie Gray and the Indian who propelled it had the full benefit of this pretty pastime.

The Indians at Mount Desert must be rather accustomed to that kind of thing, for the present spectator looked to the full as stolid as his kind, and Mrs. Gray gave no more evidence of consciousness than did her dusky guide.

"It is just my luck, Grace," said Amy, coming into her sister's room that night in a blue cashmere dressing-robe, with her yellow locks hanging loose around her indignant little face. "I, who never did anything fast in my life—in that way, I mean—and just because Mr. Erskine kissed my hand, every bit in fun, you know, that Mrs. Gaspar Gray should be the one to come upon us! If she had only laughed, it would have been some consolation, but she barely nodded, and looked more like the Empress of—Everything than usual. How stupid it all is! Men are great nuisances, I think. One may be happy forever, and as soon as they get mixed up with things, trouble sets in."

"Very true, dear," said the matronly Grace, heaving a sigh she thought she might venture upon without disloyalty to Frank. "But there they are, and we must make the best of them. Now let this teach you to be careful, Amy, for there never was such a place as this, and whether you flirt or whether you don't, people will be sure to suspect you."

"Then what is the use of self-denial?" was Amy's very natural inquiry, her mischievous spirit springing up.

"If you only heard the confidences that are made to me!" Grace went on, unheeding the indiscretion. "I don't know what there is about me, but I am a perfect repository of love secrets. Flirtation is in the very 'hair of the hatmosphere' at Mount Desert. And girls, Amy, whom you would never suspect of it at home. As to the men, why, there is that nice young Grafton, in Frank's office, who met a girl coming up on the *Lewiston* from Portland, spent three days in devoting himself to her on piazzas and at picnics, and proposed to her on the fourth day, before ever having seen her with her hat off. Fortunately she was already engaged to be married, he told me, for when she did appear bare-headed she was so homely that he was in an agony lest she should say 'yes.'"

"But what will Mrs. Gray think of me?" said Amy, going back to her own grievance, as she wielded her ivory brush.

"Oh! I don't know," said Mrs. Thornton, with a strong desire to laugh, which she repressed from motives of decorum. "If she knows Mr. Erskine at all, she will know he did it in a brotherly kind of a way, I suppose."

Why should the unreasonable blood have mounted up to Amy's face at this? Only a woman can tell, I fancy. Perhaps Grace had some sly design of her own in throwing out this fly to catch a fish. She changed the subject by inviting Amy to go into the nursery and look at Baby—an act of worship performed by both women nightly with unfeigned faith and love.

There he lay, the monarch of their hearts, in his little cot, with golden rings of hair clinging to his dewy brow, and a rosy flush upon each cheek, resting the tired feet that all day long had trotted on the coast, and the hands relaxed from their labor of fetching and carrying sticks and stones. Beneath his pillow nurse revealed a huge pine cone, without which Baby would by no means have been induced to go to sleep, and an invalid tin soldier was just dropping out of the dimpled fist.

The other beds contained two sturdy slumberers, who, having been consigned to rest in the ordinary attitude, had gradually worked themselves around at right angles with the pillow, and at intervals kicked out wildly, scattering the bedclothes far and near. Above their heads two shelves contained their museum of treasures collected during the day. Pebbles, bits of lobster shells and claws, "sea-dollars," dried star-fish, the shells of sea-urchins perforated with a skill no Chinese carver on ivory ever could imitate, mussels, oysters overgrown with sea-weed—what was there not?

"I'm in mortal fear, ma'am, that this rubbish will begin to smell, if it don't already," said nurse, carrying her case to the highest tribunal; "but it's as much as my life is worth to touch one of the nasty things. Coaxing ain't of no use, and I'd be much obliged to you, ma'am, if you'd speak about it yourself to the young gentlemen."

Grace promised redress, but surveyed the scene with satisfaction unalloyed.

"After all, my dear," she said, as they turned away, "it does give one a better opinion of men, to think they belong to the same class with Frank and the boys, doesn't it?"

CHAPTER VIII.

IT is to be supposed that to Erskine's lot fell far more of the suffering from his thoughtless act of gallantry. No one's society had power to retain him during that evening, and he spent the hours in wandering about the village in the vicinity of Rosalie's cottage home, and in keeping watch like a devotee over the casement where a light was burning. This light was, in reality, the kerosene lamp by which dear old Mrs. Carson was putting up her crimps; but what did it matter, after all?—he was just as much comforted by surveying the wrong side of the house.

At a very few minutes past eleven o'clock next day he presented himself in Rosalie's little sitting-room, to be received, as he might have known, like any other morning caller.

Her surroundings, as she sat sketching a cluster of field flowers stuck in a blue china jar, were full of picturesque grace in decoration and arrangement. A few Eastern rugs and Japanese hanging screens, sketches in water-color or in charcoal, jugs, draperies, bibelots, a wicker chair tied with knots of cardinal ribbon, a chintz-covered lounge, a bowl filled with brier roses in masses of shaded pink, books, and an easel, had transformed the homely cottage room into an artist's *intérieur*.

During the ensuing conversation not once could Erskine find a loop-hole to introduce an explanation of the island scene she had unintentionally become aware of. It was clear that she intended to exclude personalities from the range of their talk. Whatever of impulse she had exhibited to him on the occasion of his exploit at the cave was exhausted then. Her manner was courteous, though somewhat measured.

Mrs. Gaspar Gray knew too well the opening manœuvres of a suitor's campaign to expose to them any part of her own plan of defense. He felt the full charm of the ideal woman of society in her perfect politeness, neither flattering nor coquettish; her tact in generalizing conversation; her subtle force in putting between them a bridge of glass over which he dared not tread.

Erskine talked with her long, and with ever-increasing interest. He soon realized, in some inexplicable way, that in proportion to his abandonment of the manner most expressing his real feeling, her geniality and *bienveillance* (what English word will say this for me?) increased.

She was more than a match for him in this delicate contest, and when Erskine rose to go, he felt as if he had been brushed in the face by a butterfly's wing, and none the less repelled.

"You are with the Thornton party, I understand, Mr. Erskine?" she said, as he was leaving. "I know Mrs. Thornton a little, in town, but my aunt was intimate with her mother long ago, and has charged me to seek out the daughters for her sake. The young lady—Miss North—is charming, I think. I hope they will like to come to our cottage sometimes, when they are tired of the bustle at the Romont. This is a quiet little nook of ours for such a crowded place. It is just what I needed, and what I like. The sea is my best friend, after all, for in my boat or canoe, exploring these lovely shores, I can be most sure of the rest and solitude I seek. I can't always hope to be so fortunate, if trouble overtakes me, as to have such aid as yours. You must go, then? Thanks, so very much, for being willing to come away from all the gayety to bestow an hour on me. Don't forget to tell your friends about Mrs. Carson, and when they come to see us, you will come with them, may I hope?"

From that day forth Erskine fell quietly into the position assigned to him by Mrs. Gray. They met frequently, but always on the same terms. He did not renew his offer to accompany her boating excursions, and in these most of her hours of daylight were spent. When he visited the cottage, Mr. and Mrs. Carson and other friends were always there. With the Thorntons and with Amy North his intimacy daily increased. Visits had passed between them and Mrs. Gray, who dazzled and delighted at least two of the family, if the third did not yield unresistingly.

The summer days slipped down the rosary of Time; every boat brought a fresh contribution of visitors to the already overcrowded island. Enough rain had fallen to lay the dust; the weather was perfect; altogether Bar Harbor was in the full swing of a prosperous season.

"It is just as if the Venus de Milo had consented to leave her cool corner of the Louvre," the Counsellor said one day, while straying with his wife and boys down the path leading to the Indian encampment, whither he was being decoyed to buy "canoes and things" by those arch-conspirators.

It was a delicious stroll in the sunshine, along a grassy bluff, the harbor at their feet lying like a mirror to reflect the blue of cloudless heavens and the green shores of island and main-land, while the sails hung idle, and fishermen were resting from their early morning's toil. The Counsellor felt as if he could forgive his enemies and forget his clients so long as this glorious holiday should last.

The necessities of the path compelled them to progress in single file—a fact in itself rather annoying to the person who walks behind, especially if anything not entirely audible is said. This may have accounted for the somewhat tart accents of Mrs. Thornton's voice when she requested him to repeat his remark, begging to know to whom it might refer.

"Why, is there more than one Venus de Milo?" he answered, turning back with cheerful alacrity. "I mean, of course, that magnificent Mrs. Gray. I have sometimes suspected Erskine of being touched in that quarter, and I wish him good luck, with all my soul, though there are inconveniences attending the translation of a goddess from the clouds to sit behind a soup tureen."

"You are too silly, Frank," said Grace, coming up in her impatience to thrust her hand within his arm. "Why are you so blind as not to see that Erskine is just the person for Amy? Mrs. Gray would never think of marrying again. Why should she? Look at her position. She is perfectly happy. In the first place, she is a widow—"

"Thank you for the hint," said her husband.

"—she has a house and fortune, nobody to contradict her, liberty to travel when and where she pleases, to indulge all of her tastes. How stupid it is for such women to *want* to marry, when this world is so full of nice girls, and there are so few nice men!"

"With what dash does this unblushing young general unmask her batteries!" said the Counsellor.

"But you know, darling, that Erskine has been more with Amy than with any other girl this season, and though she did not care a straw for him in the beginning, I have sometimes thought lately that she might be brought to fancy him."

"And why bring her to fancy him if he does not fancy her?" said Frank, clinching the thing in what Grace always called "that hateful manly way." "Why try to induce a state of affairs on the hypothesis that it will all turn out as you like? By Jove! Grace, I'll tell you what I believe—you women take to match-making for the excitement of it, as gamblers take to cards."

"You are very low in your way of putting it," Mrs. Thornton said, with an air of fine scorn. "I don't suppose it makes the least difference to you that a woman's feelings may be concerned. Only, dear"—and with a sudden change of base she drew so near to him that her cheek grazed his shoulder—"you are so good and kind to our darling Amy that, *if anything should come of this*, I know you won't spoil everything by talking to Mr. Erskine about goddesses and all that, or putting it into his head that he is in love with Mrs. Gray. Say you won't, Frank."

"You have revealed your weak spot, Grace. You are afraid of Mrs. Gray."

But not another word would she vouchsafe upon the subject. She became as sweet as honey dropping from the comb. They sauntered on, amid the booming of bees and the nodding of clover, the children darting into the sweet vanilla-scented grass in pursuit of butterflies, and running back with "flowers for mamma." Thornton made up his mind, like a sensible fellow, that submission to authority was a cheap price at which to purchase peace like this.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THAT MULE!

"The days when we went gypsying."

"THAT mule," said I, in disgust, the moment I cast my eye on it—"*that* mule will never do."

I was about to start on a journey of thirty days over the Holy Land. A residence of some years in the country had given me some acquaintance with the language and with the ways of the people. For various reasons it was necessary that I should have a holiday, and my doctor recommended change of scene and exercise—"half hours in the fresh air," in fact, which I thought I could have in my own simple way. I did not require a dragoman, but I could not venture to travel exactly like a native, combining all my serviceable force in my own person, and carrying all my necessary baggage on my own beast. I was not in a mood to enjoy the company of a large party, with its cumbrous accompaniments of tents and baggage. But I required a guide for the road, a groom for my mare, and it was with me a matter *de rigueur*—those who have travelled in the East will understand why—that I should have my own bed, with a bedstead standing at least six inches above the ground. The carriage of these, with my own personal luggage, implied a transport service, and I took the usual measures for securing a good mule and a muleteer. In regard to the latter I was not very particular. Even if he has not gone over the road, a muleteer is sure to fall in with brethren of his profession by the way, by whose help he can describe the route as he goes on. But it was of great consequence that the mule should be of the best. The load he would have to carry would not be great, but at times the driver would have to mount on the top of the baggage so as to keep up with the company, and should the mule break down, the whole party must necessarily collapse.

It was, therefore, with some anxiety that I looked for the arrival of the central figure in our travelling group, and it was in no measured terms that I expressed my dissatisfaction with its general appearance. *That* mule might have been of any age between twelve and twenty-five years. Its color was of that nondescript kind, grayish, whitish, with a tinge of brown, that seems to characterize middle life; but there was a look about the beast of early sorrow or hopeless striving with the world, which did not augur well for the success of my journey. One ear made occasionally a faint attempt to stand erect, but the other drooped in a melancholy manner by the cheek; the hollows above the eyes were unusually deep, the eyes themselves preternaturally dull; the whole air too stupid even for a mule. The only redeeming quality—if indeed it was not another suspicious feature—was the avidity with which the beast, when it walked into the yard, hunted up the fragments of straw left by my more fastidious mare. On the whole, the first sight of *that* mule did not satisfy me, and a closer inspection did not much re-assure me.

Mohammed, the muleteer, listened in silence to the expressions of my disgust. He was a Moslem from some village to the east of Damascus, and as unkempt-looking as his mule, though much stronger and in better condition; in fact, a well-built fellow with very little intelligence, but a great deal of physical reserve.

"*That* mule!" said he, with confident pride—"*that* mule can go ten hours a day with a load double the weight of your baggage, and many a long day he has done it. Don't you suppose, from what you see of him now, that he is a worn-out beast. Had you only seen him a month ago, before those rascally Turkish soldiers seized him and made him carry wood for their new barracks, you would have said, There's the mule for me. And let him get out for a few days, and eat the fine spring food that he will have on the journey, and you will soon see a difference. Besides, Sir," he continued, touching his head with a most deferential bow, "should any accident happen to the beast, you know it is *my* business to carry you, your mare, and your baggage together. Have you no fear for the journey. That is my affair."

On reconsideration it appeared that Mohammed might be right; and if he were right, it might be a deed of mercy to take *that* mule away from inevitable heavy work, and let him have for once in his life a month of light labor and good feeding. Why should not a mule have a holiday as well as the rest of us? So the bargain was concluded with all formality, and in due time the party started.

I have made several journeys in that same country in my time; and in each case one name remains in memory by which I can conveniently recall all the associations of the road. There was that delightful picnic party wandering up and down the Lebanon for weeks, the outcome of which was the union of two young hearts on what has proved a very happy journey for life. There can be no hesitation by whose name to call that journey; and the parties concerned will not grudge their old pastor the privilege of this allusion, for everybody knows about it now. And there was another journey—as pleasant in its way—with the young Oxford graduate, now a clergyman of the Church of England; and I am sure that should this meet his eye he will not feel offended at my associating the journey with his name. But on the present occasion the two figures of greatest prominence are myself and *that* mule, for we both in our different capacities got the greatest enjoyment out of it; and as the Prophet vindicates the propriety of his naming his chapters after the Cow, the Bee, and so forth, I think myself entitled to name this journey after *that* mule. And indeed the animal deserves this prominence; for, as has been said, had anything happened to the beast, the whole party must have broken down. Moreover, there was about him that look of experience, that air of being travelled, that gained respect for us wherever we went. If we approached the door of a khan to seek lodging for the night, the matter-of-fact way in which he turned into the yard seemed to say to all concerned, "Now make room for a party that knows how things should be done." If, as was sometimes the case, we determined to sleep in the open air, and any belated native happened to pass by our resting ground, there was something about *that* mule that warned him we were not the kind of people it is safe or profitable to plunder. Another circumstance also added to the mule's importance. As the journey went on, it was found expedient to add the materials for a simple *cuisine* to the load which he carried, and therefore nothing could be done at the resting-place till he made his appearance. It is right to add that for all these important services *that* mule had his reward. He *did* improve, and that rapidly, on the fine green food and the regular supply of barley that we procured by the way. As we had but the two animals, the arrangement I had with Mohammed was that he was to buy regularly two full feeds, to be equally divided between them, and I paid him in full tale accordingly for my mare's supply. But though I had his solemn assurance—confirmed by asseverations that need not be translated—that my beast received the larger portion, yet with less work and more food she would at times look jaded, while *that* mule grew sleeker and more lively every day. At some places provender was so dear that Mohammed, rather than pay the price demanded, would rip up the bag of tibn which lay under the pack-saddle, and make his animal live on its own capital, so to speak. (*Tibn*, the reader must be aware, is the name given to the chopped straw which is mixed with barley to form the ordinary food of animals in the East.) Yet my poor beast, for whose feed I had paid an exorbitant price, never got beyond a passable mediocrity, while *that* mule went on prospering—a new illustration of the saying that it is not the corn, but the master's eye, that feeds the animal.

But I never enjoyed anything more than the journey with *that* mule. It is a rare pleasure at any time to get away from one's moorings, and in the free life of the field and the desert to forget for a while the calls of ordinary duty, and shake off the restraints of civilized life. Hopelessly hard is the crust of conventionality bound around the man that can not become natural in a month's journey in the saddle and the tent, with its continual change of scene, and the free life lived night and day in the fresh air. But even a tent begins to have a monotonous air after a time, whereas in our gypsying we had a change of habitation daily, and the excitement of expectation and novelty never wore out. Sometimes it would be the hospitable convent that afforded us shelter, as the Casa Nuova at Nazareth, or the dreary prison-house of the monks of Mar Saba. Once, on the western coast, I was permitted, on condition of taking off my boots, to spread my carpet within the precincts of a Mohammedan mosque. Frequently we resorted to the khans, or native inns, where I was provided with an unfurnished room, and allowed to attend to myself: and I became as critical of the style of accommodation there provided as some old stage-coach traveller of the "houses" on the road. Several times, partly from necessity, partly from caprice and the roving spirit of adventure, I preferred to spend the night in the open air; and though I would not recommend others to do likewise, and would not perhaps do the same again, yet I suffered no damage, and had a luxury of pleasure which, after the interval of a dozen years, is as fresh in recollection as it was in enjoyment. There was one night, down at Jericho, when I spread my carpet and unfolded my bedstead under a spreading fig-tree, disdaining the accommodation that was offered me in the neighboring tower. The place was crowded with Greek pilgrims on their way down to the bathing-place in the Jordan; I had sat by the side of the sheikh of the district in the evening while some cases of stolen property were argued before him by a score of wild fellows shouting and rattling their arms around a blazing fire; had witnessed the antic dances of another party of Arabs who were, in their own way, making their living out of the festive occasion; but when I turned inside the hedge that separated me from the motley throng, I was in my own world, the last sounds of the revellers died away on my ear, the last fire-fly glinted before my closing eyes, and I knew no more till I awoke refreshed between four and five in the morning. Jupiter was at that time very bright in the sky; Venus was at her best as a morning star; the moon, now a good way beyond her Passover *full*, was still shining, when I gave the order to get ready, and before five o'clock we were on the move toward the Jordan. And there was another night in the open air at Hebron. An old Moslem from the town—venerable enough in appearance and hospitable enough in manner for one of the patriarchs themselves—entreated in vain that I would turn in and lodge with him; the charm of the open air prevailed, and preparations were made for another bivouac. At this time I had as *compagnon de voyage* a peasant of Lebanon, who, for some reason I could never make out, was leading a wandering life in the south. He rode a fine mare, about which he was a little anxious; but we had an official horseman who had accompanied us as guard by Jericho and the Dead Sea, and a stout lad of fifteen or sixteen, from the town, offered his services to relieve the watch with the men during the night; a good fire was kindled, and I for one at least soon went off to sleep. In the early morning, however, I was astir, and turned out to see the condition of